

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea, on the Theophania, or Divine Manifestation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A Syriac Version edited from an ancient Manuscript recently discovered.* By SAMUEL LEE, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. (Printed for the Society for the Publication of Oriental Texts.) 1842.
2. *The same. Translated into English with Notes; to which is prefixed a Vindication of the Orthodoxy and Prophetical Views of Eusebius.* By SAMUEL LEE, D.D. 8vo. 1843.
3. *The Antient Syriac Version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius to St. Polycarp, the Ephesians, and the Romans; together with Extracts from his Epistles collected from the Writings of Severus of Antioch, Timotheus of Alexandria, and others.* Edited, with an English Translation and Notes, by WILLIAM CURETON, M. A. 8vo. LONDON. 1845.
4. *Journal of a Tour through Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land in 1838, 1839.* Intended solely for private circulation. 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1842.

AMONG the societies lately formed for publishing manuscript works contained in our public libraries, there is none which embraces a sphere so extensive, which aims at promoting so high a class of literature, and which, if adequately supported, promises to afford so valuable an addition to our stock of learning and science, as that under whose auspices Dr. Lee has put forth the volume named at the head of this paper. It is to the East only that we can look for direction in our endeavors to obtain fuller information upon many of the most interesting of subjects. It is hence only that we can hope to draw any additional knowledge concerning the earliest races of mankind, or any help in tracing their descendants among the present nations of the world. In the absence of any written record of events, the only course is to collect the traditions prevalent in those countries, to endeavor to decipher ancient inscriptions, to read the legends of coins, and to trace the connection and intercourse of peoples by the affinities and intermixtures of language. But no one can qualify himself for such a task otherwise than by studying the present languages and literature of those countries. In vain will he pore over the hieroglyphic or demotic inscriptions, and papyri of Egypt who has not grappled with the Coptic: vain will be every endeavor to explain the Pehlevi, and arrow-headed inscriptions at Persepolis, or the legends on the Babylonian bricks and cylinders, unless the inquirer has previously made himself acquainted with the Chaldee or Aramaic, and the modern Persian, and the Zend as preserved in the books of the Parsees. What has been already done for ethnography by the comparison of language since the introduction of the Sanscrit into Europe, shows how much more we may reasonably expect when the different stocks and dialects of oriental tongues shall have been more extensively cultivated.

But not only may we look to the East for fuller means of tracing the history of the earliest races of mankind;—from the same quarter we may also hope to recover much of the science and literature of Greece and Rome, which appears to have perished in the original languages. And still more, even in those authors which have been preserved many obscurities may be cleared up and difficulties explained by comparing them with Oriental versions made previously to the time when multiplied transcriptions had introduced many errors into the original text. Ælian, writing in the first half of the third century, mentions that it was reported that the Indians and Persians had translations of the poems of Homer, which they used to sing in their own language. (*Var. Hist.*, lib. xii., c. 48.) And the historian Agathias, in the middle of the sixth century, informs us that the Persian monarch Chosroes was said to be more thoroughly imbued with the writings of Aristotle than even Demosthenes with those of Thucydides, and to be perfectly versed in the works of Plato, which had been translated expressly for his use. (*Hist. Justin.*, lib. ii.) We have also evidence before us that as early as about the end of the seventh century of our era, several works were translated from the Greek into the Arabic. In the eighth and the earlier part of the ninth century, under the Abbassides, this labor of translation is known to have been carried on to a great extent. No expense was spared to procure the works of the learned in every language. Greeks, Syrians, Persians, and Indians met on the banks of the Tigris to give their aid in spreading knowledge and civilization among the Arabs.

Of these translations many still remain. Those of which the originals are extant may often be used with great advantage. We would instance the case of Ptolemy; where the astronomical skill of the Arabs at that period would enable them to correct mistakes in numbers and figures which might altogether escape the notice of Greeks, and where the evidence of their tradition will be most important, because in such cases no critical knowledge of the original language can be of any avail to rectify an error. Of works lost in the original, which have already been restored to us through this channel, we may instance the fifth, sixth, and seventh books of the Conic Sections of Apollonius of Perga, translated into Latin from the Arabic by the Maronite Abraham Ecchellensis; and his work on the Section of the Ratio, made known by the publication of Halley, who, without understanding a word of Arabic, was enabled by his great geometrical skill to state and demonstrate the several propositions from the schemes in the manuscript of the Bodleian.

Versions were also made from the Greek into the Armenian at a very early period, especially of ecclesiastical works. The publication of the Armenian translation of the Chronicon of Eusebius, has been of essential service to history, and has confirmed the criticism of Scaliger respecting the original. The first Book of Enoch, made known to Europe by the translation of the late Archbishop Laurence, shows that something has been already recovered from the Æthiopic; and the

Coptic too may yet make us better acquainted with writings hitherto only known to us by the tradition that they once existed.

But it is above all to the Syriac or Aramaic that we may look for the recovery of works lost in the original Greek. This language, which with slight variations prevailed from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and from the confines of Arabia and Egypt to Armenia, not only possesses a peculiar interest for us as being that used by our Saviour and his disciples, but also as being the vernacular tongue of many writers who hold a high rank in Grecian literature; whose works therefore can hardly be entirely free from some of the idiomatic expressions of their native land. The New Testament is, as we may naturally expect, full of Aramaisms; and one of the Evangelists is believed, not without good grounds, to have written his Gospel in that tongue. The earliest version of the New Testament is undoubtedly the Syriac; and after the Septuagint, that of the Old Testament also. This is not the place to discuss the question as to the period when those versions were made; but better arguments than occidental scholars have hitherto been willing to admit, support the belief of those branches of the Christian church which first made use of them, that they touch upon Apostolic times. The work of translating from the Greek into the Syriac was certainly commenced very early. We are told by Eusebius in his account of the Martyrdom of Procopius, A.D. 303, that he had been employed in translating from the Greek into Aramaic. This passage does not indeed occur in the Greek text of the Martyrs of Palestine, as it has come down to us, but it is found both in the Syriac and in the ancient Latin version. Indeed, the age of the manuscript itself in which the Syriac translation of the Acts of the Martyrs of Palestine and the Theophania of Eusebius, together with the Recognitions of St. Clement and the treatise of Titus of Bostra against the Manicheans, are found, shows that considerable progress in the work of translation from the Greek into Syriac must have been made as early as about A.D. 400.

Dr. Lee has given us in one volume the Syriac text of the Theophania, and in another his own version of it into English—with a preface and notes displaying great and varied erudition. But what we propose at present to consider is not the contents of the book, but its external history; the discovery of a very considerable theological treatise by Eusebius, of which only two or three fragments had been known, must excite a desire to learn what circumstances have at length brought it to light, and what reasons we may consequently have to hope for further acquisitions of a similar nature.

About six years ago the Rev. Henry Tattam, of Bedford, made a journey to Egypt, with a view of collecting MSS. serviceable towards an edition of the Scriptures in Coptic. Besides Coptic treasures, he brought back about fifty volumes of Syriac MSS.—some extremely ancient. Dr. Lee says:—

"It was in looking over these manuscripts that I had the extreme pleasure of discovering that of which the following work is a translation. \* \* \* The manuscript containing our work is very neatly written in the Estrangelo or old church-hand-writing of the Syrians, on very fine and well-prepared skin. It is of the size of large quarto, each folio measuring about 14½ inches by 11½,

and containing three columns, each of the width of 2½ inches."

The professor then translates a note from one of the margins, which states that the transcript was made at Edessa in Mesopotamia, in the year of our Lord 411. The age of the manuscript therefore, according to this note, the veracity of which there is no ground to question, is 1434 years. At first sight, notwithstanding all our readers have heard of the dryness of the Egyptian climate, the date assigned may startle them; but we can assure them that in the collection of upwards of three hundred manuscripts amongst which this was discovered, there are many from the fifth to the thirteenth century as to which there can be no doubt. They are all noted with the year of the era of the Greeks (Seleucidæ); some also with that of the Martyrs; others, which are more recent, with that of the Hijrah likewise; and these notices are accompanied by so many particulars as to the scribe himself, as to the convent where each manuscript was transcribed, who was its superior, who its principal officers, who was then bishop of the diocese, and who the supreme patriarch, as to leave no possibility of mistake as to the date. By comparing the style of the handwriting, the nature of the vellum, and other particulars of those manuscripts which are not dated, or in which the note of the year is either erased or lost, with such as still retain the record of the year, we are enabled to decide, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the age even of the manuscripts without a date. There are in the collection one dated manuscript of the fifth and many early in the sixth century, and from comparing Dr. Lee's volume with these, we could not attribute it to a later date than that in which he acquiesces.

The manuscript was purchased by Mr. Tattam from the convent of St. Mary Deipara, in the desert valley of Nitria, situated between 30 and 31 degrees both of latitude and longitude, about 35 miles to the left of the most western branch of the Nile. The name of Nitria belongs properly to the northern part of the valley, where the famous natron lakes are situated; the southern part is more correctly the Valley of Scithis, or Scete, and is also called the Desert or Valley of Macarius, from the convent dedicated to one of the three saints who bore that name. Each of these three appellations may however be applied generally; and Mohammedans commonly call the whole valley Wadi Habib, after one of their own saints, who retired hither about the end of the seventh century.

This valley, most probably from its lonely situation, and possibly also, as Jerome seems to hint, from some fancied virtues of purification in the lakes themselves, in allusion to the passage of Jeremiah (xi. 22,) "For though thou wash thee with nitre," &c., has been celebrated as the resort of ascetics from the earliest times. About the middle of the second century we read of one Fronto who retired thither with seventy brethren. At the beginning of the fourth century, Ammon, who, although there were ascetics before his day, has generally been reputed the originator of monasticism, withdrew from the world to this spot. The fame of his compulsory marriage, of the resolution of virgin purity which he persuaded his bride to adopt, and his retirement to the desert so soon as the death of his parents left him at liberty, gained for him many followers. But a very few

years afterwards, Macarius is said to have instituted the first establishment in that part of the valley which to this day bears his name. To this place Arsenius, the preceptor of Arcadius and Honorius, retired upon the death of Theodosius. The number of ascetics increased, in a short time, to an almost incredible amount. Rufinus, who visited them about the year 372, mentions some fifty convents or tabernacula; and Palladius, who fifteen years later passed twelve months here, reckons the devotees at five thousand. Jerome visited this desert about the same period. From the narratives which these have given, with the accounts of Evagrius and Cassien, we may gather a very accurate knowledge of the manners of these monks at the end of the fourth century. Subsequently we have few materials for their history down to the middle of the seventh, when Egypt was taken by the Arabs.

From this period the only information is to be gathered from Arabic writers. The convents and their inmates seem to have been regarded with peculiar interest even by those who had embraced the religion of the Koran. Not only were several immunities granted them upon different occasions, but they even formed a favorite subject of poetry for the Moslem writers of the third and fourth century of the Hijrah. Abu'l-Faraj Al-Isfahani, a celebrated Arabian who died A.D. 967, published the *Kitáb al-Diárát*, or *Book of Convents*, which contained all the best poems inspired by the aspect of the Christian convents and the habits of their inmates. If any reliance is to be placed upon Al-Makrizi, in his famous work on the History, Antiquities, and Topography of Egypt, Monasticism must have increased most rapidly in about two hundred and fifty years: for he says that after the conquest of Egypt by Amr Ibn Al-A's, seventy thousand monks met him at Teraneh, each with a crook in his hand, to implore that he would grant them a deed of security. To this request the Arab assented. The number seventy thousand seems enormous; but both the manuscripts which we have consulted agree on this point.

About the end of the seventh century the Khalif imposed a tribute of a dinar each upon all the monks, but they appear to have remained without further molestation during the whole of the eighth century. Shortly after the death of Harún Al-Rashid, at the commencement of the ninth, the Kharigites having seized upon Alexandria, made an excursion also into the Wadi Habib, plundered and burnt the monasteries, and carried away many of the monks for slaves. Such as could escape were scattered abroad into different countries, and many found an asylum in the convents of the Thebaid. With this event the decline of monasticism in Egypt seems to have commenced. We find, however, that under Jacob, the next patriarch, many of the monks returned to Scete, and some of its convents were rebuilt. In the days of the 52d Patriarch we are told that they were again in a thriving condition. Under Sanutius, the 55th in succession upon the throne of St. Mark, an order was obtained from the Mohammedan sovereign to liberate their monks from the payment of tribute. The patriarch, who had been himself formerly steward of the Monastery of Macarius, seized upon this as a favorable opportunity to restore that edifice. He not only completely rebuilt it, but surrounded it with a high wall to protect it against sudden incursions of the Arabs, laboring with his

own hands in the work. Elmacin informs us that the Patriarch Gabriel restored some of the convents at the beginning of the tenth century, but does not specify which they were. It seems probable, however, that at this period the Syrian convent of St. Mary Deipara, concerning which we are most interested, was in a flourishing state, as we find that in the year 932 Moses of Tecrit, who was then Abbot, having had occasion to make a journey to Bagdad, brought with him upon his return an accession to the library of not less than two hundred and fifty volumes—among which in all probability was the manuscript containing the Theophania.

About a century after this we have mention also of the library of the Monastery of Macarius. Severus, Bishop of Aschmounin, to whom Renaudot is indebted for most of the facts in his work on the Patriarchs of Alexandria, informs us that he consulted for the compilation of his history various MSS. both in Greek and Coptic, then existing in that library. There is little mention in such books as are accessible to us, of the condition of these monasteries during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We are told that it was a practice of the patriarchs of Alexandria to visit the Convent of Macarius immediately after their election, and also that they used to pass the season of Lent there.

According to Al-Makrizi, writing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the number of monasteries had once amounted to a hundred, but at his time they were reduced to seven. That of St. Macarius was still a fine building, but even its inhabitants few, and the other buildings in a ruinous state.

In later times several Europeans have visited these convents. Gassendi relates, in his *Life of Peirese*, that a Capuchin monk named Egidius Lochiensis, (Giles de Loche,) who had resided seven years in Egypt for the purpose of studying Oriental languages, informed Peirese that there existed in several of the monasteries great quantities of manuscripts, and that he himself had seen in one of them a collection of about eight thousand volumes, many of great antiquity, some as old as the time of St. Anthony. This monk had doubtless given a somewhat exaggerated statement. The monastery to which he alludes is, in all probability, that of St. Mary of the Syrians, near the Natron Lakes, as from all the accounts which have reached us, this possessed by far the greatest number of books. Vansleb, during his visit to Egypt in the year 1672, had formed the resolution of making an excursion to the Natron Lakes; and, although frustrated in this design, he did visit the convent of St. Anthony in the desert near the Red Sea. We mention this because he was admitted into the library, which was situated, as is generally the case, in the strong tower where all their valuables are kept. This collection, he says, consisted of three or four chests of ancient Coptic and Arabic manuscripts, chiefly church books and books of devotion, some of which seemed to him well worthy of a place even in a royal library. Of the whole number he selected two, one a Coptic and Arabic dictionary and grammar, valued by the monks at thirty crowns, and the other a ritual of the ceremonies of the Coptic church, very carefully transcribed. These he was anxious to obtain: but failed because the monks could not alienate them without incurring the risk of excom-



munication by the patriarch; and further, which perhaps was the strongest reason, because he was himself but ill furnished with funds.

Six or seven years later the monks of Nitria were visited by our own countryman, Robert Huntington, then chaplain at Aleppo, and afterwards successively provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and bishop of Raphoe, whose fine collection of Oriental manuscripts now forms part of the priceless treasures in the Bodleian. During his residence of eleven years in the East he had availed himself of every opportunity to enrich his stock; but the book which of all others he was most anxious to procure, as appears from his letters, published by Dr. Thomas Smith in the year 1704, was the Syriac version of the epistles of St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch. The Ignatian controversy was then at its height. The immortal work of Bishop Pearson was published about two years after Huntington had left England, and much interest was felt for the discovery of the Syriac version; to the existence of which Archbishop Usher had drawn attention in the preface to his edition of the Epistles of Polycarp and Ignatius. It was principally from his anxiety for this Syriac version that he undertook his journey into Egypt in the year 1678 or 1679, and proceeded across the desert to the Natron Lakes. He seems to have entertained considerable expectations of finding the epistles of Ignatius here; but in this hope he was disappointed: although the Syriac version of three of these epistles, and two copies of that to Polycarp, existed at that time in the Syrian monastery of St. Mary Deipara, as will be seen in the sequel. The Syrian monks doubtless did not admit Huntington into their library, as the only book which he mentions was an Old Testament in the Estrangelo character. In the convent of St. Macarius he states that he saw a large volume of St. Chrysostom in Coptic, on vellum, an immense volume containing his commentary on St. Matthew in Arabic, and a Coptic Lectionary for the whole year in four large volumes. In the monastery called El-Baramous, which at that time was inhabited by twenty-five monks and a superior, he makes mention of no other books than a copy of the New Testament in Coptic and Arabic. He does not speak of any manuscripts in the convent of Amba Bishoi, which he says was at that time in a less ruinous condition than either of the other three; he speaks, however, of the still famous tamarind-tree. The tradition is that St. Ephraem, out of pious anxiety to see St. Piseos, or Pissus, now corrupted into Bishoi, the fame of whose sanctity had travelled as far as Edessa, undertook the long and weary journey from the confines of Armenia to the desert of Nitria. This zeal was rewarded by a miracle. Upon his arrival he hastened to the cell of St. Piseos and stuck his staff in the sand before the door as he entered. The staff immediately struck root and sprouted, and eventually grew up into that fine and beautiful tamarind-tree which the monks then showed, and we believe still show, as a living record of the visit of St. Ephraem. Huntington was informed that the number of convents had once amounted to three hundred and sixty-six. How many books he found is not mentioned; but we find that he sent to England, to Dr. Marshall, who was then preparing an edition of the New Testament in Coptic, a copy of the Evangelists in that language, which he obtained from one of these monasteries.

The next of whose visit any account has reached

us is Gabriel Eva, a monk of the order of St. Anthony, and abbot of St. Maura in Mount Lebanon. After a journey through Egypt, he had been sent on a mission to Rome by Stephen, the Maronite patriarch of Antioch; and the account he gave of the Nitrian convents was received with much interest by Clement XI. The pope was anxious to transfer from the desert to the Vatican a collection of manuscripts rendered precious and venerable by their extreme antiquity, and probably containing an unexplored mine of theological learning. It happened that Elias Assemani, the cousin of the famous Joseph Simon Assemani, had been sent by Stephen of Antioch, upon business to Rome, and having already accomplished the object of his journey, was at that moment on the point of returning to Syria. No person could be better qualified to undertake the mission to the desert of Nitria, and Gabriel Eva accordingly recommended him to the pope. Furnished with letters to the Coptic patriarch, he left Rome in the spring of 1707, and was graciously received at Cairo. He arrived at the monastery of the Syrians about the end of June; the introduction of the patriarch procuring for him a good reception. The urbanity of his manners, his perfect knowledge of their habits and language, soon gained him the good-will of the monks, and at length they admitted him into their library: this he found a sort of cave or cellar, filled with Arabic, Syriac, and Coptic manuscripts, heaped together in the greatest disorder, and falling to pieces through age and want of attention. A little examination satisfied him of their value, and he began to entertain great hopes of being able to persuade the good monks to part with books which they were utterly unable to read. But frightened, perhaps, by the anathemas, denounced in almost every volume by its donor, against all those who should be in any way instrumental in alienating it—suspicious by nature, and ready to suppose that what a stranger was eager to get hold of must contain some treasure—they turned a deaf ear to his request for the sale of the whole collection, and only with very great difficulty were they induced to part with about forty manuscripts. These being transported across the desert to the Nile, Elias Assemani set out, accompanied by one of the monks, to return in a boat to Cairo. On their way a gust of wind upset their boat. The monk was drowned, but another boat, passing by, picked up Assemani; and in the midst of a tumult of feelings, his energy did not abandon him. He immediately hired several watermen to fish up the manuscripts; and, having with much care wiped away the slime, he dried and restored them as well as he was able. The manuscripts, in number thirty-four, were deposited in the Vatican about Christmas, 1707.

Their obvious importance was a powerful stimulus. The pope therefore determined to send again into Egypt, and selected J. S. Assemani, who set out in June, 1715. The head of the Coptic church received him kindly; and he left Cairo to proceed on his journey to Scete about the middle of August, accompanied by Philotheus, a monk of the convent of St. Macarius, as his guide. Having arrived at Etris, a small village on the western branch of the Nile, they turned across into the desert and came first to the convent of St. Macarius. Here he obtained some excellent Coptic manuscripts, of which he has given a catalogue in his "*Bibliotheca Orientalis*" (vol. i., p. 617;) and these, he says, were all they possessed of any



consequence. His next visit was to St. Mary Deipara: here he found upwards of two hundred Syriac manuscripts, all of which he carefully examined, and selected about one hundred, hoping that he might be able to purchase them. But upon this, as upon the former occasion, if Assemani's own account be correct, the monks continued most obstinate; nor could he prevail upon them by argument, bribe, or entreaty to give up to him more than a very few volumes.

In the interval between the journeys of Elias Assemani and that of his cousin the convents of Nitria had also been visited (December, 1712) by the Jesuit Claude Sicard. The once flourishing monastery of St. Macarius at that period had only four inhabitants—the superior, two deacons, and a porter. Having passed one day in this convent he proceeded to that of the Syrians, which he describes as being in the best condition of them all, having a very agreeable garden, watered by a well, in which were many trees of various kinds. The number of monks was not above twelve or fifteen. Having remained here two days, during which time he made a short visit to the convent of Amba Bishoi, only a few paces distant, and inhabited by but four monks, he set out at sunrise on the morning of the 11th, and arrived at the monastery of the Holy Virgin of El-Baramous, or of the Greeks, about noon. The number of monks here was also about twelve or fifteen. Sicard states that in the immediate neighborhood of this convent were the ruins of ten or twelve other buildings, and that he could distinctly trace through the valley the ruins of upwards of fifty monasteries; and that the superior of St. Macarius informed him that they were formerly equal in number to the days of the year. Sicard does not upon this occasion make any particular mention of the books in either of these convents, but merely states that in the tower of each there was a library, which consisted of three or four chests filled with books and ancient manuscripts, covered with dust and in a neglected condition. This Jesuit revisited Nitria with J. S. Assemani, and afterwards accompanied him, upon his return to Egypt in the next year, 1716, in his expedition across the desert of the Thebaid to the convents of St. Anthony and St. Paul near the coast of the Red Sea. Sicard, in describing their visit to the monastery of St. Anthony, says,—

“He [Synodius, the superior of the convent] was more tractable when Assemani begged him to show us the tower which is shut against all strangers; for, making him some trifling presents of hardware, (the good monk was a great studier of astrology and alchemy, and the transmutation of metals,) we persuaded him to conduct us thither. Our only curiosity was to see the manuscripts. We found three chests-full, being all that had escaped the ravages which at different periods had befallen the monastery. We examined them all. For the most part they consisted of prayers and homilies in Coptic and Arabic. The Abbé Assemani only found three or four manuscripts worthy of the Vatican. These he purchased secretly from the superior, without the knowledge of the monks, who, had they known, would have opposed the sale, although the manuscripts are quite valueless to themselves, and they make no use of them whatever.”

Assemani, although he mentions that Sicard accompanied him in his expedition to the Thebaid, is altogether silent respecting his attending him to the desert of Macarius. Neither does his account

of obtaining so few manuscripts there, and those with so much difficulty, quite coincide with that of Sicard, who says that he took those which suited him. This silence certainly gives ground for suspicion that there was something in the transaction which Assemani did not wish to transpire, and of which the mention of Sicard's accompanying him might have led to the disclosure. His secret and indeed fraudulent dealing with the superior, who had no right to dispose of any property without the consent of the community, would make but a sorry figure in his account of the manner in which various valuable accessions had been made to the collections of the Vatican.

In the month of August, in the year 1730, the *Sieur Granger* made a journey to the Natron Lakes. He tells us that he was well received by the monks, whom he describes as poor and ignorant. Those belonging to the convents of Macarius and St. Mary of the Syrians were deaf to all his entreaties to be allowed to see their libraries. He says that the buildings at that time were falling into decay, and the dust destroying the books and manuscripts, of which the monks made no use whatever. Their own patriarch had represented to them that the sum which the books would produce would be sufficient to enable them to restore their churches and rebuild their cells; but they declared that they would rather be buried in the ruins.

In 1778, C. S. Sonnini visited the valley. He remained five days in the monastery of El-Baramous. He makes no mention of books or manuscripts, but complains bitterly of the avarice and extortion of the monks, who wished to exact from him five or six hundred sequins upon his leaving them. He is the only traveller who has spoken in harsh terms of these poor monks.

In May, 1792, W. G. Browne, an Englishman, was here. He says—

“During my stay near the lakes I visited two of the Coptic convents—that called the Syrian, and that of St. George—where I could observe no traces of any European travellers but Baron Thunis, whom the Empress of Russia had sent to negotiate a defection on the part of the Beys, but who having exhibited less prudence than courage in the promotion of the designs of his mistress, has been privately put to death at Cairo by order of the Beys, to avoid delivering him to the Porte, as had been requested of them. These convents contain each of them several Religious, who retain all the simplicity of the primitive ages. They drink water, and eat coarse bread and vegetables, very seldom touching meat, wine, or coffee. They are ignorant indeed, but strangers to vice; and although their time is employed to no useful purpose, so neither is their application of it prejudicial to any. They have each a small garden, which supplies common vegetables, and a breed of tame fowls, together with a well of water within the walls. The rest of the necessities of life are provided them by the voluntary contributions of the Christians of their own persuasion; and as the business of artificers and menials is all performed by themselves, their expenses are not very extended. The entrance to each of these convents is by a small trap-door, against which two millstones are rolled within. The buildings appear to have lasted for several centuries, and the walls are still firm and substantial. No praise is to be given to the Religious for cleanliness; but as the list of their furniture and apparel is very small, they cannot be

frequently renewed. Human beings, more ignorant of mankind and their transactions than some of those whom I have conversed with, are scarcely anywhere to be found; but the superiors in both were in a certain degree intelligent. One of them, when I was admitted, was mending his shoes, and seemed to think little of theological controversies. The other attempted to prove to me the tenet of Monothelism; and on my expressing myself persuaded by his arguments, he seemed highly gratified. Indeed, I met with, on their part, every mark of hospitality. I inquired for manuscripts, and saw in one of the convents several books in the Coptic, Syriac, and Arabic languages. Among these were an Arabo-Coptic Lexicon, the works of St. Gregory, and the Old and New Testament in Arabic. The superior told me they had nearly eight hundred volumes, but positively refused to part with any of them, nor could I see any more. The monks are strangers to all idioms but the vulgar Arabic."

The next account of this place is that by General Andréossy in his "*Mémoire sur la Vallée des Lacs de Natron, et celle du Fleuve-sans-eau.*" At the time of his visit, in 1799, there were nine monks in the convent of El-Baramous, eighteen in that of the Syrians, twelve in the Amba-Bishoi, and twenty in the St. Macarius.

"Their only books," he says, "are ascetic works in manuscripts, on parchment or cotton paper, some in Arabic, and some in Coptic, having an Arabic translation in the margin. We brought away some of this latter class, which appear to have a date of six centuries."

In the year 1828, Lord Prudhoe, who thinks no labor too great when any real advantage to science or literature is probable, made an excursion to these monasteries. We have been favored by his lordship with the following brief account of his visit:—

"In 1823 I began to make inquiries for Coptic works having Arabic translations, in order to assist Mr. Tattam in his Coptic and Arabic dictionary. On a visit to the Coptic bishop at Cairo, I learnt that there was in existence a celebrated Selim or Lexicon in Coptic and Arabic, of which one copy was in Cairo, and another in one of the Coptic convents of the Natron Lakes, called Baramous, besides which libraries were said to be preserved both at the Baramous and the Syrian convents. In October, 1823, Mr. Linant sent his dromedaries to Terane, on the west bank of the Nile, where the natron manufactory was established by the pacha, and on the next day Mr. Linant and I embarked in a cangia on the Nile, and dropped down to Terane, where we landed. Mounting our dromedaries, we rode to the Baramous convent, and encamped outside its walls. The monks in this convent, about twelve in number, appeared poor and ignorant. They looked on us with great jealousy, and denied having any books except those in the church, which they showed. We remained with them till night, and in some degree softened their disposition towards us by presents of some comforts and luxuries of which their situation in the desert deprived them. On the following morning we again visited the monks, and so far succeeded in making friends of them that in a moment of good humor they agreed to show us their library. From it I selected a certain number of manuscripts, which, with the Selim, we carried into the monks' room. A long deliberation ensued among these monks how far they were disposed to agree to my offers to

purchase them. Only one could write, and at last it was agreed that he should copy the Selim, which copy, and the manuscripts which I had selected, were to be mine in exchange for a fixed sum in dollars, to which I added a present of rice, coffee, tobacco, and such other articles as I had to offer. Future visitors would escape the suspicions with which we were received, and might perhaps hear how warmly we had endeavored to purchase and carry away the original Selim. Next we visited the Syrian convent, where similar suspicions were at first shown, and were overcome by similar civilities. Here I purchased a few manuscripts with Arabic translations. We then visited the two other convents, but found little of consequence. These manuscripts I presented to Mr. Tattam, and gave him an account of the small room with its trap-door, through which I descended, candle in hand, to examine the manuscripts, where books and parts of books, and scattered leaves, in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac, and Arabic, were lying in a mass, on which I stood. From this I handed to Mr. Linant such as appeared best suited to my purpose, as he stood in the small room above the trap-door. To appearance it seemed as if on some sudden emergency the whole library had been thrown for security down this trap-door, and that they had remained undisturbed in their dust and neglect for some centuries."

About nine years after the visit of Lord Prudhoe, the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun., who has travelled much in the east to search for manuscripts, (with considerable success,) and in his travels has met with many curious and interesting adventures, which we could wish were made public, was also a visitor to these monks. We are indebted to him for the following account of his excursion:—

"I am sorry to say that I cannot answer your letter in as satisfactory a manner as I could wish, for I have no papers by me here to refer to, and I have forgotten some things about the monasteries on the Natron Lakes which might have been interesting to you. However, as far as I remember I will tell you. During the winter of 1837 I was in Egypt for the second time, and in the month of January or February I was engaged in a brisk chase after old books, particularly two which I had heard of at Nagadé—one a Coptic history of Egypt, which I had been told at Thebes was in the possession of the Bishop of Nagadé, who was reputed to be a great dealer in magic—the other a Coptic and Arabic dictionary, said to be the most perfect and the largest known. When I arrived at Nagadé the bishop was in church; but certain men brought me a mat, whereon I sat in the shade of an old wall till the people came out of church, which they presently did, with the bishop at their head. The bishop sat down by me on the mat, and the congregation sat down in a ring; and after a long prologue of compliments, and coffee and pipes, and so on, we entered on the subject of manuscripts. The bishop told me that the dictionary was gone to the palace of the patriarch at Cairo; and we were talking about the history, when suddenly there arose a great noise in the church, of howling and clanking of chains. We were all silent in consternation—and I expected that the episcopal magician had been raising a spirit;—when the church doors burst open with a crash, and in the dark porch there stood a tall figure in a priest's robe, waving a great brazen censer in his hand. This apparition stalked forward slowly, when I saw he had a heavy chain

tied to his legs. He came up, and sat down directly before me on the ground. 'Who have you the honor to be?' said I. 'Who, pray, are you?' said one of my men. Upon which he turned round and spat in the face of the man who had addressed him. This man, who was a negro, laid his hand upon his sword, when the other sprang upon his feet with a scream, and made a dash at the negro with the censer—a very efficient weapon when properly applied. He missed my man, and broke the censer on the stones. We all started up, and a general rush ensued against the bearer of the censer, who was with some difficulty secured and carried off. He was a son of the bishop; and, being a maniac, had been chained down before the altar of St. George—a sovereign remedy in these cases, only he pulled up the staples of his chain, and so came away with the censer before his cure was completed. But the end of the affair was that the bishop departed in the scuffle, and I heard no more of the history of Egypt. The other volume had been at Cairo, but was gone when I made inquiries respecting it to the monastery of Amba-Bishoi at the Natron Lakes. I went after it, and arrived there in the month of March; but although there were many Coptic manuscripts of Liturgies there in a room in a square tower, it was not among them. I then went to another monastery; I think it was called Baramous. There was nothing there but a few Coptic manuscripts on paper, and a prodigious multitude of fleas. I retreated from their attack to the church, where I went to sleep on the marble floor; but I had hardly shut my eyes when I was again attacked by so many of these monsters that I was forced to be off again; so I got up, and watched the moon over the desert till daylight. I then departed for the monastery of the Syrians, where I arrived in a short time. Here was a congregation of black Abyssinian monks, dressed in wash-leather and tallow, who were howling in honor of some Abyssinian saint, in a strange little room at the end of a garden, which was surrounded by the high fortified wall of the monastery. They had a library of which I have shown you a sketch, where the manuscripts hung upon pegs by long straps, in a peculiar manner, different from the arrangement of any other library I have ever seen. Besides these black brethren, there were ten or twelve Copts. The superior was blind and very old, with a long white venerable beard, but very dirty. When I inquired for books he showed me the library in a high tower, in a little strong room, with stone niches in the wall. There were some very remarkable Coptic manuscripts—the finest I have ever seen. The latest of them, as I imagine, is that great quarto which you saw at Parham. Two others on vellum were lying on the top of an open pot or jar, of which they had formed the lid. There had been jam or preserves of some sort in the pot, which the books had been used to protect; but they had been there so long that the jam had evaporated, leaving some dubious-looking lumps of dirt at the bottom. I was allowed to take all the manuscripts on vellum, as they were too old to read, and of no use as covers for the vases of preserves. Among a heap of dusty volumes on the floor I found the manuscript dictionary of which I was in search, but this they would not sell, but they sold me two other imperfect ones, so I put it in one of the niches in the wall, where it remained about two years, when it was purchased and brought away for me by a

gentleman at Cairo. You say that Lord Prudhoe fed the monks, and so found the way to their hearts. Now I have found, from much practice, that the two species of eastern and western monks may be divided logically into the drinking and the eating kind. A benedictine or even a capuchin is a famous hand at a capon, and an oyster pâté or so has great charms for him on a fast-day—*probatum est*; but the monks of St. Basil are ascetics—they know nothing of garlic and red pepper, and such like strong condiments—howbeit they have a leaning to strong drink, and consider rosoglio as a merchandise adapted to their peculiar wants.

"The old blind abbot had solemnly declared that there were no more books in the monastery besides those I had seen; but I had been told by Mr. Linant, the pacha's engineer, who had accompanied Lord Prudhoe, that there were some ancient manuscripts in the oil-cellar. Nevertheless the abbot denied the fact; but I got him into my room, with another father who always went about with him, and there I gave them some rosoglio which I had brought on purpose. It was very soft stuff I remember, pink, and tasted as sweet and pleasant as if there was no strength in it. They liked it much, and sat sipping figians—that is, coffee-cups—of it with a happy and contented air. When I saw that the face of the blind man waxed unsuspicious, and wore a bland expression which he took no pains to conceal—for he could not see, and did not remember that those who could might read his countenance—I entered again upon the subject of the oil-cellar. 'There is no oil there,' said the old man. 'I am curious about the architecture,' said I; 'I hear yours is a famous oil-cellar.' 'It is a famous cellar,' said the other elder; 'and I remember the days when it overflowed with oil. Then there were I do not know how many brethren here, but now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us; we are not what we used to be.' This monk having become sentimental, and the abbot unsuspicious, 'Well, let us go,' said I, 'and see this famous cellar, and we will have another bottle when we come back.' This last argument prevailed. We went to the oil-cellar, which was under the great tower, and there were some prodigious pots which once held the oil of gladness, but which now sounded hollow and empty to the touch. There was nothing else here; but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren—for they had all followed us into this hole like sheep—I found a low door, and passed into a little vaulted room, which was full of loose leaves of Syriac manuscripts, more than knee-deep. These are the famous volumes now deposited in the British Museum. Here I fumbled about a long time, and after a good deal of digging I pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out the great manuscript evangelistarium, which you have seen. It was tied up with a string. 'Here is a box,' shouted the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust. 'A box!' echoed the blind abbot. 'Bring it out—make haste—where is the box? Heaven be praised, it is a treasure.' 'Yes,' screamed all the monks, 'a treasure. Allah Akbar!—a box—out with it—bring out the box.' Out they all rushed with the treasure, and I issued forth into the dark (for they had run away with the candle in their anxiety about the box) with three octavos under one arm, and a quarto under the other. I found no more, except fragments. These I took to my



room, and the abbot and the other brother soon came after me for the promised bottle of rosoglio, which they now much wanted to keep up their spirits, when they found the box of treasure to be only a great book. They mumbled and murmured to themselves between their cups; and when they were gradually getting comforted again, I began, to say, 'You found no box of treasure in the vault; but, behold, I am a lover of old books. Give them to me, and I will give you a certain number of piastres in exchange; and so you will have found a treasure, and I will go my way in gladness.' 'Ah!' said they, 'how much will you give?' 'How much do you want?' said I. And so we settled it over the rosoglio, which smoothed many difficulties. The Coptic manuscripts on vellum were ensconced in one side of a great pair of camel-bags. 'Now,' said I, 'I will put these into the other side, and you shall take it out, and help to load the camels.' All we could do we could not put all the books in; and the two monks would not let me have any extra parcel lest the other brethren should see it and smell a rat, and claim their share of the spoil—at least I suppose that was their reason. In this extremity I looked at each of the three octavos and the quarto, not knowing which to leave behind. At last, the quarto being imperfect, I left that, and great is my sorrow that I did so, for on looking at the manuscript again, I believe that very quarto is the famous book dated A. D. 411, now the great pride and treasure of the British Museum. However, I am glad that establishment is now possessed of it, and I hope it will be duly made use of. This is all I have to tell you of the manuscripts in the monasteries of the Natron Lakes."

In the year 1838, the Rev. Henry Tattam, now archdeacon of Bedford, with the design already mentioned, set out upon his expedition into Egypt. He was accompanied by Miss Platt, a daughter of Mrs. Tattam, a young lady of great talents and acquirements, who took notes of everything which passed during their journey, for the amusement of her mother after their return. This interesting journal has since been printed, but, as she writes in her preface, very reluctantly, at the particular request of several friends, and solely for private circulation. They arrived at Cairo on the 19th of October; having staid here for about three weeks, busily employed in visiting the patriarch and other ecclesiastics, and making inquiry after manuscripts, they set out on the 13th of November, and proceeded up the Nile as far as Esneh, visiting many churches and monasteries, both in going and returning, and inspecting their libraries, which the patriarch's letters rendered accessible. But in most of these Mr. Tattam found little more than liturgies and service-books. At Sanabou there were some very fine Coptic manuscripts, in number amounting to eighty-two. They returned to Cairo on Christmas day.

On the 12th of January they started across the desert for the valley of the Natron Lakes; and at eight o'clock in the evening, pitched their tent at a short distance from the monastery of Macarius. Such passages as relate to our purpose we are glad to be allowed to quote from Miss Platt's Journal.

"Sunday, Jan. 13th.—The first object on which our eyes rested, as we sat at breakfast in the tent, was the solitary convent of Abou Magar, (St. Macarius,) a desolate-looking building, like a fortress surrounded by the sea. It is enclosed by a high plastered wall, containing a space of about

300 by 200 feet. Within this area are built the church, the convent itself, a strong tower, and a small chapel, which, according to the account given by the monks, dates its origin as far back as the fifth century. There is not a window or an aperture to be seen on the outside, with the exception of a low door-way, which is almost overlooked as the eye wanders over the high blank wall. A considerable descent, scooped out from the drifted sands, leads to the threshold of the heavy iron-door. It was not thought advisable to remain here until we had visited the further convents. Mr. Tattam spoke to some of the priests at the gate, and two of them accompanied us to the middle convents, which are about two hours' ride from the first. In passing at the back of the garden-wall we perceived the remains of buildings still connected with the present monastery, which led us to suppose that it had once been much more extensive.

"As we crossed the ridge of hills separating the two valleys we observed the remains of many convents. The monks state that there were formerly three hundred and sixty on the mountain and in the valley of Nitria, and that the ruins of fifty of them may still be seen. We descended gradually between the rocks, and saw before us the two middle convents, Deir Amba Bischoi and St. Soriani, or the Syrian convent. They were of the same description as St. Abou Magar, but larger and in better preservation, particularly the latter. Our tent was pitched beneath the walls of St. Soriani; Mr. Tattam immediately entered the convent, where pipes and coffee were brought him; after which the priests conducted him to their churches, and showed him the books used in them. They then desired to know his object in visiting them; upon which he cautiously opened his commission by saying that he wished to see their books. They replied that they had no more than what he had seen in church; upon which he told them plainly that he knew they had. They laughed on being detected, and after a short conference said that he should see them. The bell soon rang for prayers."

"Jan. 14th.—Mr. Tattam went into the convent immediately after breakfast. The priests conducted him to the tower, and then into a dark vault, where he found a great quantity of very old and valuable Syriac manuscripts. He selected six quarto volumes and took them to the superior's room. He was next shown a room in the tower, where he found a number of Coptic and Arabic manuscripts, principally liturgies, with a beautiful copy of the Gospels. He then asked to see the rest; the priests looked surprised to find he knew of others, and seemed at first disposed to deny that they had any more, but at length produced the key of the apartment where the other books were kept, and admitted him. After looking them over he went to the superior's room, where all the priests were assembled, about fifteen or sixteen in number: one of them brought a Coptic and Arabic selim, or lexicon, which Mr. Tattam wished to purchase, but they informed him that they could not part with it, as it was forbidden to be taken away by an interdiction at the end, but they consented to make him a copy. He paid for two of the Syriac manuscripts he had placed in the superior's room, for the priests could not be persuaded to part with more, and left them, well pleased with his ponderous volumes, which he gave me through the top of the tent, and then rode off with Mohamed

to the farthest convent, of Baramous, about an hour and a half's ride from St. Soriani. In the convent of El Baramous Mr. Tattam found about one hundred and fifty Coptic and Arabic liturgies and a very large dictionary in both languages. In the tower is an apartment with a trap-door in the floor, opening into a dark hole full of loose leaves of Arabic and Coptic manuscripts. The superior would have sold the dictionary, but was afraid, because the patriarch had written in it a curse upon any one who should take it away."

Into the monastery of Amba-Bischoi, after some reluctance on the part of the monks to open their door to a lady, Miss Platt was herself admitted:—

"On the ground-floor was a vaulted apartment, very lofty, with arches at each end, perfectly dark, and so strewn with loose leaves of old liturgies that scarcely a portion of the floor was visible; and here we were all fully occupied in making diligent search, each with a lighted taper, and a stick to turn up old fragments. In some parts the manuscripts lay a quarter of a yard deep, and the amazing quantity of dust was almost choking, accompanied by a damp and fetid smell, nearly as bad as in the tombs of the kings. We did not find anything really valuable here, or anything on vellum, excepting one page."—Vol. i., p. 279.

On Tuesday the 15th, Mr. Tattam set out to return to Cairo, having previously obtained from the monks of the Syrian convent four other valuable Syrian manuscripts. He called at the monastery of Macarius as he passed: here he found about one hundred liturgies, and a beautiful copy of the Epistles in Coptic, which the monks refused to sell. There were also a great number of fragments and loose leaves, from which he selected about a hundred, which he was permitted to take away.

In the month of February Mr. Tattam returned to these convents, and was more successful than upon the former occasion.

"Saturday, Feb. 9th.—Immediately after breakfast Mr. Tattam went with Mohamed to St. Soriani, leaving me to my own amusements in the tent.

"Mr. Tattam soon returned, followed by Mohamed, and one of the Bedouins bearing a large sack-full of splendid Syriac manuscripts on vellum. They were safely deposited in the tent, and a priest was sent for from St. Amba-Bischoi, with whom Mr. Tattam entered the convent, and successfully bargained for an old Pentateuch in Coptic and Arabic, and a beautiful copy of the four Gospels in Coptic. We are delighted with our success, and hope, by patience and good management, to get the remainder of the manuscripts."

"Feb. 10th.—Mr. Tattam went in the evening to St. Soriani to take his leave of the monks there, who said he might have four more manuscripts the next day. \* \* Mohamed brought from the priests of St. Soriani a stupendous volume beautifully written in the Syriac character, with a very old worm-eaten copy of the Pentateuch, from St. Amba-Bischoi, exceedingly valuable, but not quite perfect at the beginning."

This Mohamed, who seems to have been little less eager than his master in his endeavors to procure the manuscripts, had recourse to the same means of negotiation as Mr. Curzon found it wise to adopt, and applied them with similar success, only substituting arakie for rosoglio.

The manuscripts which Mr. Tattam had thus obtained in due time arrived in England. Such of them as were in the Syriac language, not falling in with the object for which his journey had been

originally undertaken, were, by and bye, disposed of to the Trustees of the British Museum. This was indeed a most important accession. Forty-nine manuscripts of such extreme antiquity, containing some valuable works long since supposed to have perished, and versions of others written several centuries earlier than any copies of the originals known to exist, constituted such an addition as has been rarely if ever made at one time to any library. The collection of Syriac manuscripts procured by Mr. Rich had already made the library of the British Museum conspicuous for this class of literature—but this treasure of manuscripts from Egypt rendered it superior to any other in Europe.

From the accounts which Lord Prudhoe, Mr. Curzon, and Mr. Tattam had given of their visit to the monastery of the Syrians, it was evident that but few of the manuscripts belonging to this convent had been removed since the time of Assemani, and probable that no less a number than nearly two hundred volumes must be still remaining in the hands of the monks. Moreover, from several notices found written in the manuscripts already brought to England, it was evident that most of them must be of very considerable antiquity. Several of those notices were in the handwriting of Moses of Tecrit, abbot of the monastery; and in each of them he states that in the year 932 he brought into the convent, from Mesopotamia, about two hundred and fifty volumes. As there was no evidence whatever to show that even so many as one hundred of these manuscripts had ever been taken away, (for those which were procured for the papal library by the two Assemani, added to those which Mr. Curzon and Mr. Tattam had brought to England, do not amount to that number,) there was sufficient ground for supposing that the convent of the Syrians still possessed not fewer than about one hundred and fifty volumes, which at the latest must have been written before the tenth century. Application accordingly was made by the Trustees to the Treasury; a sum was granted to enable them to send again into Egypt, and Mr. Tattam readily undertook the commission. The time was most opportune. The good-will of the patriarch had been gained by the liberality of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who had undertaken to print, for the use of his churches, an edition of the New Testament in Coptic and Arabic, in a beautiful large type cut expressly for this purpose. Mr. Tattam, the editor of this work, was naturally in great favor with the patriarch, who by and bye gave consent to his proposals. We cannot but rejoice that these measures were taken so promptly, as we have been informed, upon the best authority, that similar representations had been made to the French government; and had much more delay been interposed, these manuscripts, which perhaps constitute the greatest accession of valuable literature which has been brought from the East into Europe since the taking of Constantinople, would in all probability have been now the pride of the Bibliothèque Royale.

The following is Mr. Tattam's own account of the manner in which he obtained the remainder of the manuscripts upon his second excursion:—

"When I returned to Cairo the second time, all the Europeans who seemed to understand my business prophesied that I should not succeed, but the result proved they were false prophets. I found I could work more effectually through the

sheich of a village on the borders of the desert, who had influence with the superior of the convent, and whom my servant had secured in my interest, and through my servant, rather than by attempting direct negotiation. I therefore set to work. After I had been in Cairo about a fortnight, the sheich brought the superior to my house, where he promised to let me have all the Syriac manuscripts. My servant was to go back with him and the sheich when he returned, and to bring away all the manuscripts to the sheich's house, where they were to be deposited, and I was to follow in three days and bargain for them. I went at the time appointed, and took money with me in the boat, and a Mohamadan as a silent witness to the transaction and the payment of the money, should any crooked ways be discovered. My servant had taken ten men and eight donkeys from the village, and had conveyed the manuscripts to the sheich's house, where I saw them as soon as I arrived; and I found he had already bargained for them, which I confirmed. That night we carried our boxes, paper, and string, and packed them all, and nailed up the boxes, and had them in the boat before morning dawned, and before ten o'clock in the morning they were on their way to Alexandria."

The manuscripts arrived in the British Museum on the 1st of March, 1843. Upon opening the cases very few only of the volumes were found to be in a perfect state. From some the beginning was torn away, from some the end, from others both the beginning and end; some had fallen to pieces into loose quires, many were completely broken up into separate leaves, and all these blended together. Nearly two hundred volumes of manuscripts, torn into separate leaves, and mixed up together by time and chance more completely than the greatest ingenuity could have effected, presented a spectacle of confusion which at first seemed almost to preclude hope. To select from this mass such loose fragments as belonged to those manuscripts which were imperfect, and to separate the rest, and collect them into volumes, was the labor of months. To arrange all those leaves now collected into volumes, in their proper consecutive order, will be the labor of years. Without the aid either of pagination or catch-words, it will be requisite to read almost every leaf, and not only to read it, but to study accurately the context, so as to seize the full sense of the author. Where there are two copies of the same book, or where it is the translation of some Greek work still existing, this labor will be in some measure diminished; but in other instances nothing less than the most careful perusal of every leaf will render it possible to arrange the work, and make it complete.

The number of volumes, as now collected, including both entire works and books made up of various fragments, amounts to three hundred and seventeen, of which two hundred and forty-six are on vellum, and seventy on paper, all in Syriac or Aramaic, with one volume of Coptic fragments. These, together with the forty-nine previously obtained, make an addition to the national library of three hundred and sixty-six volumes of manuscripts. As many of these contain two, or even three or four, distinct works, written at different periods, but bound up together, and as several are made up of various fragments, it is perhaps not too much to affirm that there are contained in this collection parts of at least one thousand manuscripts, written in different countries—in Mesopotamia,

Syria, and Egypt—and at various times—from the beginning of the fifth to the end of the thirteenth century. The earliest is dated A. D. 411, the latest A. D. 1292. It would be very interesting, if the means were within our reach, to trace the history of this most remarkable collection, perhaps the largest that was ever possessed by any single monastery, especially when we consider the time and labor requisite to produce even one copy, which could not have been less to the Oriental scribes than in the convents of the West. A note at the end of one copy of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which seems to have been written in the eighth century, states that the transcriber completed his task in the course of one year, which is doubtless intended to be a record of more than ordinary diligence. We have no means, as we have said, of tracing the history of this collection, as indeed we have none either for that of the monastery itself. It was most probably founded in the earliest ages of asceticism, and ransacked by the Arabs, with the rest of the convents, at the beginning of the ninth century. We have already stated that it was again in a flourishing condition at the commencement of the tenth century, and that Moses, its then abbot, brought to its library from Mesopotamia two hundred and fifty volumes, of which fact we are assured by the registry which he made in many, if not in all, of these books. Several bearing this notice are now in the British Museum; several also are in the Vatican, as appears from the account given by J. S. Assemani—some belonging to the collection which he himself made, and others to that obtained by his cousin Elias; and one which was formerly the property of Abraham Ecchellensis, from which it appears that some manuscripts had been brought from this monastery into Europe previously to the expedition of Elias Assemani, but by whom or when we have not been able to discover. Moreover, from various notices on the fly-leaves of several of these volumes, we gather that they once belonged to the convent of Amba-Bishoi, and were afterwards transferred to that of St. Mary Deipara of the Syrians by a person named Abraham, and incorporated into their library. Other similar notices record the benefaction of several volumes by various individuals, many of whom appear to have been inhabitants of Tecri in Mesopotamia; where indeed, and at Edessa, and in the monasteries in the neighborhood, most of them appear to have been written. Many of these presents seem to have been single manuscripts offered for the salvation of the soul of the donor; but one notice states that no less than eighteen volumes, the property of one individual, came into the possession of the convent upon the death of the owner. There are also records of the purchase of several books for the use of the monastery, and some doubtless were transcribed within its walls.

It is only from such incidental notices as these, written at the beginning and end of some of the volumes, that we have any means of forming an estimate of the manner in which the collection was increased to so great a number. There is a note in one of the volumes stating that the manuscripts belonging to the library were repaired in the year of the Greeks, 1533 (A. D. 1222.) At no very distant period subsequently to this they were probably altogether neglected, the monks becoming too ignorant to make any further use of them. The volume with the most recent date in the collection was written seventy years later, and after this time



there seems to have been no effort in these monasteries either at composition or translation into Syriac, or even to reproduce any of their ancient literature by new transcripts. Indeed, the examination of this collection brings conviction, that for two or three centuries at least previous to this time little had been done in the way of transcribing farther than to copy liturgies, lives of saints, a few homilies, and such parts of the Holy Scriptures as were needed by the monks in the daily services. These, of course, required to be periodically renewed, as by constant use they necessarily became torn and worn out. This circumstance has been the cause of the destruction of some of the finest and most ancient manuscripts which the monks ever possessed. Almost all the manuscripts of this class are palimpsest. When their service books were worn out, the monks, unable perhaps to obtain vellum elsewhere, had recourse to the expedient of erasing the text of an old volume. In selecting manuscripts for this purpose they seem to have been guided chiefly by the fineness of the vellum, and consequently attacked those which were the most ancient, and in every respect the most valuable. The Greek manuscripts seem to have suffered first, probably because they were unintelligible to the monks; for although there are several Greek palimpsests, as well as Syriac, among the manuscripts now in the British Museum, there is not found in the whole collection one single Greek book, but only a few very small fragments in some of the volumes, which have been pasted on to mend the leaves that were torn; but even these are sufficient to show that the Greek manuscripts which they did possess were of the finest class and of the greatest antiquity, closely resembling the famous Alexandrine Bible in substance and caligraphy. It is evident that the monks must have employed some chemical process of erasure, and this in most instances has been so successful, as to leave scarcely any perceptible trace of the original writing, but at the same time it has been very injurious to the texture of the vellum; these manuscripts are consequently in the worst condition of any in the collection. Some, indeed, of the others look as fresh as if they had scarcely been used at all—even the original dressing of the vellum still remains; although they have been written more than a thousand years, they seem as if the transcriber had finished his task but yesterday.

The contents of these manuscripts are, as we should naturally expect, chiefly theological, and in this department they are most important. The copies of the Holy Scriptures are some of the oldest in existence, and the translations of the works of the great fathers of the church are most valuable, not only because many of them, in all probability, were made during the lifetime of the authors, (we have the means of proving certainly that some of them were,) but also because the manuscripts in which these Syriac versions are found are the oldest copies of these works now extant, and were written some centuries earlier than any of those in which the original Greek exists. Moreover, this collection contains several really important works, of which the Greek copies have been long since lost, and are now only known to us either by their titles which have come down to us, or by very short extracts preserved by other writers. Besides these there are many original works of Syriac authors.

Of biblical manuscripts of the Peshito version

there are nearly thirty volumes, containing various books of the Old Testament, most of which were written about the sixth century; one copy of the Pentateuch dated A. D. 464. We find also the book of Exodus, written A. D. 697—the books of Numbers, Joshua, and the first book of Kings, transcribed about the same time—of the Hexaplar edition, with the asterisks, obelisks, &c., as corrected by Eusebius; together with part of Genesis, and of two copies of the Psalms, of the same edition, with short scholia by Athanasius and Hesychius of Jerusalem. Here are the first book of Samuel and the first book of Kings, in the version of Mar Jacob of Edessa, written A. D. 703; and a copy of Isaiah, written about the same time, probably translated by the same Mar Jacob. There are upwards of forty manuscripts containing parts of the Peshito version of the New Testament, many of which are of the sixth century, and some appear to be of the fifth; and also a copy of the Gospels and of the Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude, of the Philoxenan version, or more properly speaking, of the edition corrected by Thomas of Heraclea.

Of the Apocrypha, these manuscripts contain the book of Wisdom, Baruch, and Maccabees; also the book of Women, which comprises Esther, Judith, Susannah, Ruth, and the Life of the martyr Thecla. There are also copies of the Gospel of the Infancy; the History of the Holy Virgin, and her Departure from this world; the Doctrine of Peter which he taught at Rome; and a letter of Pilate to Herod, and of Herod to Pilate.

To the copies of the Scriptures should be added several Lectionaries, containing portions of Scripture appointed to be read in the churches. This class of manuscripts, for the reason which we have above stated, is more recent than the copies of the Scriptures; some of them are dated in the ninth century, but most in the eleventh. There is a large collection of rituals and service-books, with many ancient liturgies; and these also are of the later class of manuscripts; here are found the liturgies of the Apostles, of St. James, St. John, St. Matthew, St. Clement, St. Ignatius, Dionysius the Areopagite; of Celestinus, Julius, Xystus or Sixtus, bishops of Rome; of Basil, of Gregory Theologus; of Cyril, and Dioscorus, bishops of Alexandria; of Eustathius, of Curicius, and Severus, bishops of Antioch; of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug; of Jacob of Edessa, and Jacob, bishop of Serug; of Maruthas, Thomas of Heraclea, Moses Bar Cepha, John Bar Salibi, and others. Several collections of canons of councils—the Collection of Apostolic Canons made by Hippolytus; the canons of the councils of Nice, Ancyra, Neocaesarea, Gangra, Laodicea, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon; the Acts of the second council of Ephesus, held under Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria in the time of Theodosius and Valentinian, transcribed A. D. 535. These collections of canons appear to be very important, as they do not seem to have been always translated from the Greek, but to have been arranged and digested by some of the Syrian bishops who attended the councils. To these may be added the canons of several individual patriarchs and bishops for the especial government of their own churches, which may be of great value in tracing the ecclesiastical history of the East.

Of documents which are referred to apostolic times there is found in this collection a small tract bearing the title of the Doctrine of the Apostles.

This has been published by the Cardinal Mai, in the tenth volume of his "*Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*;" but he assigns it to the thirteenth century. What pretensions it has to refer its origin to apostolic times, as its title indicates, we cannot discuss in this place; but we must observe that the cardinal cannot have erred less than six centuries in the date which he fixes on; for there are two copies of this tract among these Syriac manuscripts, both of which were undoubtedly transcribed in the sixth century of the Christian era.\* Of the Apostolic Fathers there are found in this collection two copies of the *Recognitions* ascribed to St. Clement, one in the very ancient manuscript which we have spoken of before, and the other in a copy which seems to be of the sixth century; and three epistles of St. Ignatius, and St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and the Romans. To these we should add several copies of the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. Of other ecclesiastical writers of the second and third centuries—besides various fragments from their works cited by other authors, we recover in this Syriac collection an oration of Melito, bishop of Sardis, to the emperor Marcus Antoninus; which, however, does not agree with that cited by Eusebius in his *Ecclesiastical History* (Book iv., chap. 26:)—the entire *Dialogue on Fate* by Bardesanes, of which a fragment had been preserved by Eusebius in the 10th chapter of the 6th book of his "*Preparatio Evangelica*;" and two or three treatises of Gregory Thaumaturgus, which appear to have been hitherto unknown.

Of ecclesiastical writers of the fourth century,—Titus, bishop of Bostra, against the Manicheans. The original Greek is imperfect, and the last book lost; the Syriac version is complete, and was transcribed A. D. 411. In the same manuscript are contained, as we have seen above, two works of Eusebius, on the *Divine Manifestation* of our Lord, and on the *Martyrs of Palestine*. We find here also the five first books of his *Ecclesiastical History*, transcribed early in the sixth century. Of Athanasius,—his *Commentary on the Psalms*, *Life of St. Anthony*, and his *Festal Letters*, but not complete: of these letters Athanasius wrote upwards of forty—that is one for every year of his patriarchate—it having been a practice with patriarchs of Alexandria to send a cyclical letter at Christmas to all the bishops of their province to inform them on what day Easter was to be observed. These have all perished in the original Greek, except a fragment of the 39th preserved by Theodorus Balsamon. Of Basil—the *Treatise on the Holy Spirit*, transcribed A. D. 509, not 130 years after his death; his *Regulæ fusijs Tractatæ*, *Treatise on Virginity*, and various sermons. Of

\* There is another error less excusable committed by the learned cardinal, which, as it relates to a matter of considerable interest, the testimony to the antiquity of the British church received in the East, certainly not later than about the year 500, and probably much earlier, (for this is the period of the transcript of the manuscript,) we must take this opportunity of correcting. At the end of this work, professing to be "the Doctrine of the Apostles," there is an account of the different channels through which the sacerdotal office was transmitted to the various parts of the then Christian world. The passage to which we allude runs thus:—"Rome, the whole of Italy, Spain, Britain, Gaul, and the other countries round about, received the hand of priesthood from Simon Cepha, who came from Antioch, and was ruler and governor of the church which he built there." This we have translated from the Syriac, as it is correctly printed at page 174. But the Latin version runs thus:—"Accepit manum sacerdotalem Roma civitas, et tota Italia, ac Hispania, Bythinia, et Gallia," &c.—p. 7.

Gregory of Nyssa—*Homilies on the Lord's Prayer*, on the *Beatitudes*, and other sermons, some written in the sixth century. Of Gregory Theologus,—his works translated into Syriac by Paul, an abbot in the island of Cyprus, A. D. 624, with commentaries by Severus, bishop of Nisibis; one copy transcribed A. D. 790, another A. D. 840, and others which appear more ancient. Of Ephraem Syrus,—many sermons, metrical discourses, and hymns; among which are several things not comprised in Assemani's edition of his works—for example, his tract against Julian, supposed to have been lost: one of these manuscripts is dated A. D. 519, or about 150 years after the death of the author: others appear to be still more ancient.

Of Fathers at the end of the fourth century and the commencement of the fifth,—nearly all the works of John Chrysostom, in manuscripts of great antiquity; one copy of the *Homilies on St. Matthew* is dated A. D. 557, about 150 years after his death; another copy, without date, of the same *Homilies* appears to be about a hundred years earlier. Several treatises of Proclus, his successor on the patriarchal throne of Constantinople. The "*Historia Lausiaca*" of Palladius; also the account of the Egyptian monks by Evagrius Ponticus, with other of his works; a short treatise on heresies by Epiphanius, written A. D. 562, less than 160 years after his decease, together with extracts from his other works. Almost all the works of Cyril of Alexandria, of very great antiquity; among which we would specify the treatise on *Adoration of the Spirit and Truth*, transcribed A. D. 553, about 110 years after his death; his commentary on St. Luke, in two volumes, of which the original Greek is lost, excepting a very few passages preserved in the catena on St. Luke. Some of Cyril's works were translated into Aramaic during his life-time, by Rabelas, who was then bishop of Edessa.

In the beginning of the sixth century, a work of Timotheus, patriarch of Alexandria, against the Council of Chalcedon, transcribed A. D. 562—25 years after his death; various letters of his successors, Theodosius and Theodorus; numerous writings of Severus, (Patriarch of Antioch), among which we would specify a volume of sermons, transcribed A. D. 569, or only about thirty years after his death; many of his works were translated into Syriac during his life-time, in the year 528, at Edessa, by Paul, bishop of Callinicum. Of these writers of the sixth century nothing more is preserved to us in the Greek than the titles of their works, and not even the whole of these. This arises probably from their having been diligently suppressed by the emperor and the opposite party, by whom they had been condemned: they are, however, most important for throwing light upon the history of the first half of the sixth century, more especially on several important events consequent upon the council of Chalcedon, concerning which we have little more at present than the statement of one party.

For ecclesiastical history we have in this collection—besides the five first books of Eusebius' *Ecclesiastical History*, and his *Martyrs of Palestine*—a contemporary *Ecclesiastical History*, by John, bishop of Ephesus, from the year A. D. 571 to 583, (this manuscript must have been transcribed about the same time as the last event it records;) two imperfect *Ecclesiastical Chronicles*; a considerable collection of *Martyrologies*, *Lives of Saints*, *Fathers*, and eminent bishops; which may supply

much matter hitherto unknown. In general theology there are several anonymous treatises on Christianity and works against various heresies, together with some volumes of miscellaneous sermons.

Of Ascetic writers—numerous treatises of Ammonius, Macarius Evagrius, Esaias, &c. &c.

Of original Syriac authors, besides Ephraem, above spoken of, there are found among these manuscripts—works of Mar Isaac, presbyter of Antioch; numerous writings of Mar Jacob, bishop of Serug, or Batnæ—among which one volume of sermons is said to have been purchased A. D. 653, little more than 130 years subsequently to his death, and probably was written much earlier; various works of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug, one volume of which is dated A. D. 569, or less than fifty years after his death; the treatise of Peter, bishop of Antioch, against Damian; several works of Mar Jacob, bishop of Edessa, and amongst these his valuable recension of the books of the Old and the New Testament, according to the Peshito version and that of Thomas of Hæraclæa. We might have added many other Syriac authors.

To the above short list of writers purely theological, we should not omit to subjoin the categories of Aristotle, translated into Syriac by Sergius of Rhesina, in the sixth century; commentaries on Aristotle by Probus and Severus bishop of Kenneserin; and a Syriac translation of Galen de Simplicibus. These manuscripts are of great antiquity, and touch upon the times at which the translations were made.

In closing a very brief notice of this collection, we cannot refrain from congratulating the learned of Europe generally that these manuscripts have been rescued from perishing in a vault in the desert of Africa; and we shall perhaps be forgiven for indulging in a little national pride when we rejoice that they are deposited in the British Museum. We are, however, constrained at the same time to confess that this our joy is much sobered down by the apprehension that these valuable works, although now safe from the danger of destruction, will still lie upon our shelves in almost as great neglect as they did in the oil-cellar of the monastery. There are but few Oriental scholars in England; and among those few the Syriac has found hardly any attention. The number of persons at present competent to make any use of this matchless collection is very limited, and even of those who may be competent, one is too far removed to be able to avail himself of it, a second too much pressed by other duties. Neither can we foresee any prospect of young scholars rising up to whom we may look forward as future explorers of this extensive mine. The mercantile spirit pervades even our literary pursuits, and that is most studied which seems most likely to turn out to some material advantage, not that which most tends to intellectual profit. We have some Hebrew scholars: there are Hebrew professorships in both the Universities; that in Oxford is well endowed. We have a few indifferent Arabic students; there are also chairs for Arabic, indifferently endowed, in both universities. The foundation of the Sanscrit Chair and scholarships in Oxford has already engaged several in the study of that language: and the additional facilities

afforded to obtain the means of wealth and distinction in India, by the knowledge of the Persian, have produced several eminent Persian scholars. But the Syriac, a language which by every association would seem to call for our sympathies more than any other, hardly excepting the Hebrew itself, has hitherto been in this country almost entirely neglected. There are no lectures read in this language in the university of London. There is no professorship of Syriac in Oxford or Cambridge; and while no less than three new theological chairs have been lately established in Oxford, the Syriac language, which would afford more light than any other for the critical explanation of the text of the New Testament—perhaps of the Old Testament also—which contains much patristical theology and vast materials for ecclesiastical history that cannot be elsewhere obtained, has been left without a professor, and consequently, perhaps, without a student. The Syriac Theophania of Eusebius and the Epistles of Ignatius are the only works in that language, with the exception of the whole or parts of the Scripture, which, so far as our knowledge goes, have been published in this country. The glory of such Syriac literature as was brought to England by Huntington was taken from us by foreigners, who transcribed and published the valuable history of Gregory Bar Hebræus from the manuscripts in the Bodleian.

These are melancholy recollections; and our anticipations are shaded with their tints. But still we are pleased and proud that the Government and the Museum have done their duty as respected the Treasure of the Desert.

From the Protestant Churchman.

#### SUBMISSION.

I WOULD not ask a thornless life,  
From every sorrow free,  
Did God in his kind providence,  
Permit it so to be.

For as the verdure of the earth,  
Would wither, and decay,  
Beneath the dazzling gloriousness  
Of a perpetual day—

So, the green places of the heart  
In life's progressive years,  
Would cease to yield the buds of hope  
If watered not by tears.

I ask a firm, and steadfast mind,  
My duties to fulfil,  
A cheerful, and obedient heart,  
To do my Master's will.

An humble and enduring faith,  
To lift my soul above,  
And in each chastening grief to see  
A Father's tender love.

A heaven-born strength to follow on  
The path the Saviour trod,  
Through Him to win the meed of grace,  
And endless joy with God

January 6, 1846.

S. P.



From Chambers' Journal.

## THE BLIND MAN OF ARGENTEUIL.

## A NORMAN TRADITION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

At Rouen, in the antique-looking library of a vast and gloomy hotel, sat a venerable old man, seemingly engrossed in meditation and study. He was Laurence Bigot of Thibermesnil, king's counsel to the parliament of Normandy, a wise magistrate, and a learned and virtuous man. At five in the morning he was wont to commence his daily employment, and after giving sage and just advice to the parliament, the indefatigable old man would devote himself, as now, to other toils, which seemed to him like amusement, namely, laying the foundation of a rich collection of books and manuscripts, which afterwards became celebrated, and, though now dispersed, is not forgotten. Bigot was employed in examining an ancient manuscript which he had lately obtained. His son, Emerie Bigot, and a young companion, Etienne Pasquier, were reading Horace at another part of the library.

The studies of all three were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a magistrate—at least his costume bespoke him so; but at this moment his extreme paleness, changed features, and humiliated manner, made the lieutenant of Rouen appear like one of the criminals that daily trembled before him; for he was a severe and upright judge.

"I have been foiled, I confess it," cried he to Laurence Bigot. "I am guilty, but do not condemn me unheard."

The king's advocate listened calmly, while the young men, with the curiosity of their age, paid eager attention to the lieutenant's recital, which was as follows:—

"A citizen of Lucca, named Zambelli, went on business to England, where he settled. His affairs prospered greatly. At fifty years old, having made his fortune, he felt a desire to end his days at Lucca, near a brother whom he tenderly loved. He wrote to his family, who were delighted at the news. Soon another letter, dated Rouen, announced his arrival there from England, and that he should reach Lucca in about two months. This space of time was requisite for the transaction of his business at Paris, and his journey onward. He was daily expected at Lucca; but two, three, six months passed by, and he arrived not; nor, what was stranger still, did any other letter from him reach his family, whose anxiety was extreme. Cornelius, his brother, went to Paris in search of him. He visited all the houses whither Zambelli's commerce was likely to lead him. Many persons had seen, or believed they had seen Zambelli. An individual bearing that name had claimed the payment due to bonds of a considerable amount; the merchants showed the signature 'Zambelli' at the bottom of the receipts. 'All these signatures are forged,' cried Cornelius. 'Describe the person of the forger, so that I may bring him to justice.' But it was in vain; for no one could recollect precisely the appearance of a man who had been seen so short a time.

"It was plain that an audacious robbery had been committed—perhaps a murder. Cornelius went from Paris to Rouen, where he visited successively all the hotels in the place. At one of them Zambelli had been seen. He had left it for Paris, accompanied by a valet. This valet had

been little noticed; besides, six or eight months had passed since the departure of Zambelli; and how could one domestic excite attention among the numbers who had inhabited this hotel, the most frequented in Rouen?

"It was at this time," continued the lieutenant of police, "that Cornelius brought his complaint before me. Like him, I felt assured that a great crime had been committed between Rouen and Paris; but how could it be proved? How could the criminal be discovered? At last a sudden thought struck me. Six or seven months since, a goldsmith, named Martel, had opened a shop at Rouen, where he was entirely unknown. There was something strange in his manner, and the expression of his face; he said nothing of his parents or family; and those who hazarded questions on the subject, received from him evasive answers, given with ill-disguised embarrassment. Struck with his business being the same as Zambelli's, and acting under an involuntary presentiment, I sent a person, who, under pretence of making purchases, entered into conversation with Martel, in which, as if by chance, he introduced the name of Zambelli. At this name Martel grew pale, and showed signs of inquietude, looking anxiously at his questioner. This strengthened my suspicions; I resolved to satisfy myself; but here, I confess, the excess of my zeal led me into error.

"By my orders a sergeant went to Martel to demand payment of a bond for four hundred crowns, which I had fabricated under a false name. Martel, when he saw the bond, cried out that it was feigned, and refused to pay it. When taken to prison by the sergeant, Martel, following his first impulse, accompanied him with the security of a man who is certain he owes nothing; but soon, stopping suddenly in great agitation, he said, 'I am quite easy as to the bond; it is entirely false, and I can prove it. But is there nothing else against me? Have you heard of anything?' The sergeant having feigned astonishment, and protested that he knew nothing, Martel became calm, and followed him with a firmer step to the jail, where his name was registered among the list of prisoners. An hour afterwards, he was brought before me. 'It is now no time for pretence,' said I in an imperative tone. 'Yes, the bond is false; but as you have betrayed fear, I must tell you that there are other things against you. A citizen of Lucca, named Zambelli, is dead, and you are his murderer. Deny it not. I have proofs—certain proofs. But calm your fears; Zambelli was a stranger; no one here cares to avenge his death. With some sacrifices on your part, we can hush up this sad affair; only you must confess all with sincerity—your life is the price of it.'

"Petrified by the assurance with which I spoke, and glad to purchase with gold the life which hung on a thread, Martel cried out, 'I see—I see it is Heaven's doing, since that which no eye witnessed, save my own, is revealed. I will confess all; let my fortune save my life!' He was about to begin, when the appearance of the notary, whom I had sent for to take down his confession, roused him as out of a dream. He perceived the snare, and when I commanded him to begin, he said firmly, 'No, I have nothing to tell; I am innocent.'

"All my efforts to induce him to confess were vain. I sent him to prison. But now he protests against his incarceration, declares the falseness of

the bond, and accuses publicly the sergeant and myself.

"This is my error. You, my lord, cannot doubt the purity of my motives; but what will the parliament say!—always so severe towards inferior officers. Must the services of thirty years be blotted out, because I was carried away by excess of zeal! My lord advocate, you know all; now judge me as you will."

"Be encouraged!" said Laurence Bigot. "The parliament is acquainted with all, and pardons you. The chamber assembled to-day to judge this matter. I have spoken for you with the warmth of a man who esteems and respects you; but your thirty years of service and integrity have pleaded more eloquently than I could do. The proceedings which Martel dared to commence against you have been stayed for three months; the suit relative to the murder of Zambelli is brought before parliament, and Martel is transferred to the conciergerie. Every search shall be made to discover the body of the murdered man; for though I firmly believe that you have discovered the assassin, yet there are no proofs. For you, lieutenant, though pardoned, you are not guiltless. Listen!" said the old man, turning to his son and to Etienne Pacquier, "you are both destined to wear the toga of justice—you, Emerie, perhaps to succeed me; and you, Etienne Pacquier, probably to distinguish yourself in the judgment-seat at Paris, or some foreign court. Remember that none may do evil that good may come! Above all, a judge should not seek to discover the truth by means of a lie, and do himself what he punishes in others. Such means are unworthy of a magistrate."

Three weeks from that time there was great excitement in the village of Argenteuil. The inhabitants had suspended their labors, quitted their houses, and gathered together about the door of the Hôtel du Heaume. By their earnest conversation among themselves, and their eager questioning of those who came out of the hotel, it was clear that something unwonted was going forward there. In short, the large room of the hotel was for this day transformed into a justice-chamber, where Laurence Bigot, assisted by the magistrate of Argenteuil, questioned numerous witnesses about the murder of Zambelli.

How many efforts had this zealous judge made since he quitted Rouen on his search for the traces of the crime! He visited many villages, questioned numerous officers of police; but all in vain. When he was about to return, in despair of accomplishing his object, he was informed that, some months before, a corpse had been discovered hid in a vineyard near Argenteuil. Bigot hastened thither, and the state of preservation of the remains enabled him, on viewing the body, to decide clearly that it was that of Zambelli, according as he had been described by Cornelius his brother.

The magistrate began to read the evidence aloud, when he was interrupted by a piercing cry; and a blind man, whom no one had as yet perceived, presented himself before the assembly. It was old Gervais, a wandering beggar, born in the neighborhood, well known, and much liked. When his way led through Argenteuil, he was always admitted to the hotel, and having arrived that day, he had seated himself, unnoticed, in his usual place in the chimney corner. He had sprung forward with a loud cry when, in listening as the magistrate read, he heard of a corpse being

discovered among the vines. But what could a blind man, and one so long absent from Argenteuil, have to communicate? Laurence Bigot regarded with a kind of respect the serene and venerable countenance of the old beggar.

"Unfortunate man," said he, "what can you have to tell us?"

But after his first involuntary movement, the blind man appeared embarrassed and undecided. "Ah, my lord," said he, "may I speak without danger of my life?" and he turned his white head on every side with a terrified air.

"Speak freely," said Bigot; "fear nothing." Then the old man related how, many months since, he was leaving Argenteuil on his usual pilgrimage, and had gained the high ground beyond the village, when the violent barking of his dog caused him to listen attentively. A man's voice, feeble and suppliant, was distinctly heard. "Monster," it said; "thy master, thy benefactor—mercy! Must I die so far from my country and my brother! Mercy, mercy!"

Then the blind man heard a fearful cry, like that of a dying man in his last agony, and all was silence. After a time he distinguished the steps of one who seemed staggering under a heavy burden. "Influenced by a sudden impulse," said Gervais, "I went forward, asking what was the matter, and who had been moaning so?"

"Nothing, nothing," said a voice in an agitated tone; "only a sick man who is being carried home, and has fainted on the way." And the voice added, in a lower and menacing tone, "You may thank God that you are blind, or I would have done the same to you." I knew then that a horrible crime had been committed, and was seized with terror. All things conspired to overwhelm me with fear; for immediately a dreadful storm arose, and the loud thunder seemed to pursue the murderer. I thought the world was at an end. Trembling, I continued my journey, resolving never to reveal what I had heard; for the criminal may belong to these parts, and the life of a poor old blind man is at the mercy of every one. But when the judge spoke of a corpse being found so near to the place where I heard the voice, I could not avoid a sudden exclamation. I have now told all; God grant that no evil comes to me from it!"

During this relation Laurence Bigot appeared absorbed in a deep reverie, which lasted long after the blind man ceased to speak. Then addressing Gervais, "Old man," said he, "I wish to ask you a question; reflect well before answering it. Do you remember exactly the voice that you heard that day on the hill, which replied to your questions and threatened you? Do you think that you could recognize it again—recognize it so as not to confound it with any other?"

"Yes, my lord advocate," cried Gervais immediately: "yes! even as I should recognize the voice of my mother, if she were living still, poor woman!"

"But," said the judge, "have you considered that eight or nine months have passed since then?"

"It seems but a few hours ago," answered the blind man. "My terror was so great, that even now I seem always to hear the voice that cried for mercy, and that which spoke to me, and the awful thunder." And when Bigot still doubted, Gervais, lifting his hands to heaven, said, "God is good, and forsakes not the poor blind. Since I lost my

sight, I can hear wonderfully. Call the people of Argenteuil; they will tell you how they amuse themselves with embarrassing me, and saying, in counterfeited tones, "Who speaks to thee?" Ask them if they have ever succeeded in deceiving me!" The people cried out that all that the blind man said was true; his knowledge of voices was wonderful. Some hours after, Laurence Bigot departed for Rouen, and everything went on as usual in the village of Argenteuil. Bigot conveyed Gervais with him to Rouen.

In the sixteenth century, the great hall of audience of the Norman parliament was renowned for its beauty. The ceiling was of ebony, studded with graceful arabesques in gold, azure, and vermilion. The tapestry worked in fleurs-de-lis, the immense fireplace, the gilded wainseot, the violet-colored *dais*, and, above all, the immense picture in which were represented Louis XII., the father of his people, and his virtuous minister and friend, the good Cardinal d'Amboise—all united to give the great hall an aspect at once beautiful and imposing. The effect was increased when, on days of judicial solemnity, a hundred and twenty magistrates were seated in judgment there, with their long white beards and scarlet robes, having at their head the presidents, attired in ermine mantles, above whom was a painting depicting the legislator Moses and the four evangelists.

It was in this magnificent hall that the parliament assembled, by a special convocation, on Christmas eve, in the year 16—. But this time they were attired in black robes, and their serious countenances showed they had a rigorous office to perform. This secret meeting of parliament excited great curiosity throughout the whole town. The murder of the merchant of Lucca, the arrest of the presumed criminal, the discovery of the body of his supposed victim, the un hoped-for testimony given by a blind man at Argenteuil, furnished an inexhaustible subject of discussion for the crowd that thronged the avenues of the palace. Every one agreed that the day was come which would liberate an innocent man, or dismiss a murderer to the scaffold.

The parliament, after many long debates, had decided that the blind man of Argenteuil should be heard. Gervais appeared before them. His frank and circumstantial deposition made a deep impression; but some doubt still remained. It was a fearful thing to place a man's life at the mercy of the fugitive reminiscences of a blind man, who could only trust to his hearing. It seemed almost impossible that Gervais should recognize faithfully a voice which he had heard but once only. The parliament determined to prove him, and to bring before him successively all the prisoners of the conciergerie, Martel among the rest. If, after having heard them speak, the blind man spontaneously, and without once hesitating, should recognize the voice which had struck him so powerfully, this evidence, united to others, should be held conclusive. It was not without design that Christmas eve was chosen for this strange trial, unheard of in the annals of justice. To have brought up the prisoners together on an ordinary day, would have awakened their suspicions, perhaps suggested to them various stratagems, and thus left the success of this novel experiment to chance. On Christmas eve the order excited no surprise, as it was customary on the eve of high festivals to bring all the prisoners of the conciergerie before the parliament, who sometimes, out

of respect to the day, liberated those criminals who had been imprisoned for trifling offences.

Above all, as it was necessary to make the blind man understand the almost sacred importance of the judgment with which Heaven had invested him, a solemn oath was administered by the president of the assembly. The old man took the oath in a truthful, earnest manner, which left no doubt of his sincerity, and the trial commenced. Eighteen prisoners were brought up, and answered the questions proposed to them, but the old man never moved; and they, on their part, on perceiving the unknown man, evinced no sign of alarm. At last the nineteenth prisoner was introduced. Who shall paint his horror and stupefaction at the sight of Gervais! His features grew contracted, his hair rose up, and a sudden faintness overpowered him, so that the turnkeys were obliged to lead him to a seat. When he recovered a little, his involuntary and convulsive movements seemed to show the poignant remorse of a guilty and tortured soul, or perhaps the horrible regret of not having committed a second crime, and finished his work.

The presidents and judges anxiously awaited the result. At the first words that Martel uttered, in reply to the president's questions, the blind man, who, ignorant of his presence, had hitherto remained quiet and immovable, suddenly bent forward, listening intently; then shrinking back with horror and fear, cried out, "It is he!—it is the voice that I heard on the heights of Argenteuil!"

The jailer led away Martel more dead than alive, obeying in this the president's order, who in a loud tone had desired him to bring out another prisoner. But this command was accompanied by a sign which the jailer understood, and some minutes after, he again introduced Martel, who was interrogated under a false name. Fresh questions elicited fresh replies; but the blind man, shaking his head with an air of incredulity, immediately cried out, "No, no; it is all a feint; that is the voice which conversed with me on the heights of Argenteuil."

At last the horrible mystery was cleared up. The wretched criminal, trembling, despairing, stammered out a confession, which was now almost needless, since the magistrates were fully convinced of the truth which had been wonderfully elicited by the sole witness who could declare the crime.

But a few hours passed, and Martel lay in a gloomy dungeon of the conciergerie, whilst in a public place, not far from the prison, were made the preparations for execution; for at this period the scaffold followed the sentence so rapidly, that a condemned man never beheld the morrow's sun. Ere nightfall all was over. The wretched man died penitent, confessing his crime, and denouncing the cupidity and thirst of gold which had led him on to murder.

In fifty years from this period, Laurence Bigot had been long dead. Emerie his son had succeeded him in his office. Etienne Pasquier had become a learned and reverend old man, with silver hair. He was then composing his curious and interesting "*Recherches sur la France*," and there related the almost miraculous discovery of a murder long since committed—of which discovery he had in his youth been an eye-witness. It is from his statement that this history is taken.



From the Critic.

*Sixteen Years in the West Indies.* By Lieutenant-Colonel CAPADOSE. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Newby.

It appears that Lieutenant-Colonel CAPADOSE has been for sixteen years resident in the West Indies. But during that long period he has not taken up his abode in one place; he has wandered about from island to island, and in his wanderings has noted whatever of interest fell under his observation. These notes he has strung together without much regard to order either of time or place, and with no attempt at the formality of a regular tour. He tells us that he did "not run through the islands in one of the royal mail packets, merely catching a passing glance of the beautiful objects which even such a visit would present;" but that he "travelled into the interior, climbing many of the mountains, exploring the valleys, lingering for months together among the people or in the towns."

With such advantages, and having a keen observant eye and a cool sound judgment to enable him to make the best of them, it may be supposed that lieutenant-colonel Capadose has produced a work which abounds in valuable information relative to our West India colonies, their present state and prospects.

The gallant author does not affect a mastery of the art of writing. He is content to tell his story in a plain, straightforward fashion, employing the language that first rises to his lips, and which is generally the most graphic, if not the most elegant. From volumes so stuffed with facts, the choice for extract is very large, and we find that the pencil as we went along had scored ten times more than our limited space will permit us to transfer. From these, therefore, we must again select such passages as convey the most novel or the most useful matter, leaving the rest to be gathered by our readers from the volumes, which will be an acquisition to the book-club.

It was shortly after his arrival that he visited

#### THE PITCH LAKE AT TRINIDAD.

"It was sunset when we reached the lake, and the air deliciously cool, thus enabling us to traverse its vast surface without difficulty, more particularly as planks were placed across the fissures or chasms, so accurately described by Dr. Nugent of Antigua, and inserted in the work of Mrs. Carmichael. To me the lake had the appearance of an immense level plain, with here and there thickets of shrubs, grass, and trees growing out of the bitumen, which was then of a very dark color, and generally quite hard; some few places yielding to the impression of the foot, and were of the consistency of pitch.

"The water flowing through the chasms was perfectly clear, but lukewarm, and of a disagreeable, acid taste. This warmth, no doubt, was owing to the heat of the sun, which, however, had no effect upon the solid part of the surface, which was quite dry, though the day had been one of the hottest ever known. Sir James Alexander, in his account of this extraordinary place, says, 'The heat of the surface obliged me to dance up and down from the scorching of my feet, having taken off my shoes to wade through the broad chasms of water, across which, at that time, there were no planks.' Probably Sir James visited it under midday heat, or that the effect of the sun is not always the same; certain it is, that this evening the surface of the lake was quite cool, though the sun was still above the horizon."

Our traveller regrets that Trinidad should not be cultivated by English peasantry. The African settlers appear to be living in luxury:—

"A great improvement has taken place in the habits of these African settlers; they are becoming more industrious, more cleanly, and the rice and yams cultivated by them were this year of superior quality. Certainly they have every inducement to labor, possessing excellent lands, almost without limit, gratis, no house rent, no taxes, and their goods sent for them to a place of sale; as, at stated periods, government sends a vessel to transport their produce to the capital, where it finds a ready market.

"Could such favors possibly be bestowed on the peasantry of the United Kingdom, they might, if wealth can give happiness, be considered really blessed; for an English peasantry could scarcely fail to acquire riches, if in possession of such lands as lie on the eastern side of Trinidad. Large tracts, yet unoccupied, are left, like flowers in the desert, to waste their sweetness unseen. On a previous visit to Manzanilla Point, in 1839, I had been much pleased with the mode of instruction at the Mico school, and now I lingered a day longer than I at first intended, that I might again see the method pursued by Mr. Semper, in his tuition.

"He had at present only fourteen constant pupils, and these all very young; but they spoke good English, and appeared to have made surprising progress in reading, writing, &c. Their singing, with which Mr. Semper took much trouble, was excellent, and might put to shame some of the Hullah classes in England.

"These were all the children of the African soldiers, who had been discharged from the 3rd West India Regiment, and were colonized in this spot, and truly thankful should they feel for such comforts as a little industry will enable them to enjoy, such a retreat from the labors of their military duty.

"Many other pupils, including some adults, occasionally visit the school, but a residence at the extremity of the district precludes constant attendance. Sunday is a complete gathering day, when all assemble to hear prayers read, and join in thanksgiving to their Almighty Father. It is a beautiful sight, and often when surrounded by the pomp of the cathedral service of our church, I turn in idea to the little congregation of the Mico school, and fancy I again hear the simple hymn of praise sung by those infantine voices."

We do not remember to have seen before a description of a very beautiful flower found in Trinidad.

"In the gardens of San Joseph and its environs is seen in its greatest perfection *le papillon végétal*, which grows on a species of ivy entwined round a poplar or any other tall tree. This blossom is an exact representation of a living butterfly, but, unfortunately, there is no method of preserving it even for a time; no sooner is it gathered than it withers and falls to dust."

He visited a

#### MUD VOLCANO.

"It opened at the opposite end on a small green plain, in the centre of which were six conical hillocks of moderate size, with a kind of clay-colored water bubbling from the top of each, accompanied by a slight murmuring, or rather hissing sound. Around these miniature volcanoes the grass is covered with the clay-like mud flowing or rather

ejected from them, and at a greater distance round lie stones, said to have been thrown up in eruptions such as occasionally happen, and one of which, the villagers related, was, a few years since, attended with a thundering noise, that threw them into consternation. The late Mr. Joseph, (the bard of Trinidad,) in a work published after his death, describes an eruption which he witnessed in company with some friends; I saw nothing but what I have named; I felt no unusual warmth in the ground around, nor was the substance bubbling from the hillocks more than lukewarm. Having satisfied myself respecting this natural curiosity, I returned to the Mission, calling on my road at the estate Matilda."

Here also he found

#### OYSTERS GROWING ON TREES.

"Next morning two officers of the garrison and myself started for a ride across the river Taruga, which intersects the road, to visit the Marabella estate, the proprietor of which took us in a canoe up a small river, the St. John's, to see the Mangrove trees, like those of Marouga, bending beneath the weight of oysters. In Mr. Hawkshaw's clever little work upon South America, he gives a long and interesting account of these singular 'disputers of the territory of the ocean,' but he did not see them covered with oysters. The trees on the banks of this little river, and the adjoining coast of the Gulf of Paria, are of a large size, and of great number. We divested some of them of a few of their branches, to furnish us food for breakfast, at the Union estate, whither we bent our steps on disembarking from the canoe. These oysters were small, but superior in flavor to those gathered from the banks of the river Marouga, or found in those of Mitán and Nariva."

He was present on the memorable 1st of August, 1834, when freedom was proclaimed to the slaves.

"The governor and council were all assembled to listen to a representation, or rather an interrogatory, of a number of negroes, regarding their supposed unlimited emancipation—these people appeared to be a deputation from a few French estates; and were for the most part very old men, old women, and children, the only young man among them was their spokesman, who was probably selected because he spoke the French language well—it was he who addressed the governor with the question whether the king had not granted them (that is, all slaves) unqualified liberty from that date? That they understood so, and yet their managers and overseers insisted on their working as usual that morning on the estates. I must here explain that French gentlemen, managers or overseers, accompanied these negroes to the government house. His excellency the governor, Sir George Hill, followed by the members of council, the judges and other official gentlemen, had repaired to the balcony of the council chamber, to inquire into the cause of such an assemblage as then filled the courtyard below the building. In answer to the above question, he mildly observed, that his majesty had indeed been most graciously pleased to grant them freedom, that they were consequently no longer slaves, but free British subjects from that day forth—yet, his majesty had decreed that they were still to reside on the estate and serve, under certain enactments for their benefit, as before, in capacity of apprentices during six years, after which they would, in 1840, be free to go wherever they pleased—scarcely had his excellency

pronounced 'six years,' than the negroes, old women and men, vociferated '*Pas de six ans, point de six ans,*' (not six years, no six years)—hardly would they allow his excellency to be heard in conclusion, so loud did they repeat '*pas de six ans,*' &c. The governor, however, continued speaking to them, in their own language, with the greatest affability, and concluded by exhorting them to return quietly home, like good folks, and resume their avocations under employers who, doubtless, would treat them kindly, and that indeed the new laws ensured them good treatment; they nevertheless stood immovable, and would not retire; the governor then left the balcony, and lest he might not have been properly understood by the multitude below, he directed one of the secretaries, or government officers present, to take his place, and explain more fully what he had said, which was done, but with no better success, the same vociferations being repeated at the words 'six years,' '*Pas de six ans!*' &c."

The vegetation of Dominica is very fine:—

"The mountain cabbage grows to a greater height in Barbadoes than in any of the colonies, but the ferns of Dominica may challenge the world: they are really large trees, and would astonish an Englishman who had only seen those upon the heaths in his own country; yet these ferns are as green and as delicate in appearance as the eye can rest on. The plantains, too, are beautiful, but the *bois immortel* is not to be compared to those of Trinidad. The Galba is here planted for shade, and is very beautiful, but the *bois immortel* recalls the grandeur and fertile plantations of Las Cuevas, and La Reconnaissance, and I love to gaze on its graceful loveliness. The numerous springs and rivulets of Dominica are no doubt the cause of the bright green appearance of the vegetation, and its luxuriance; but in the wet months they render the rambling amongst the vales damp and unwholesome."

At Barbadoes he visited the

#### BURNING SPRING.

"This singular spring is situated in a ravine, almost concealed by large trees at the commencement of the wood, and at first sight appears only an ordinary pool of cold water; over which, when emptied with a calabash, a kind of reversed funnel is placed, and the under part closed, so as to exclude air; then a copper tube, the size of half a gun-barrel, which it resembles, is fixed on the funnel, and a lighted piece of straw applied to the top of the tube. This causes the gas to rise, and on some occasions to ignite; but now, when the light was applied, the gas rose slowly, first in smoke, and then followed by rather a faint though clear flame, over which we suspended a saucepan, containing cold water and two eggs. In about twenty-five minutes the eggs were quite hard. Mr. Morris assured me he had seen them boiled in one third of that time, but the flame was weaker this morning than he had ever known it. The truth of this statement I can attest; for in the November previous I partook of some which were hard in ten minutes. This difference is occasioned by the weather. In the rainy season the blaze is always more vivid than during dry weather, as was fully proved to me on my first visit by the man who shows the spring.

"After extinguishing the flame, and removing the apparatus, he simply touched the edge of the pool with a lighted straw, on which it instantly

became encircled with a bright fire, and occasioned much trouble to extinguish. It had been raining heavily the whole of the previous day, which most likely produced the prompt ignition. The light is put out by means of large boughs, as it would continue to burn if not forcibly extinguished, and would be dangerous. When the apparatus is removed, the pool, which has commenced to refill by the water quite cold oozing from below, resumes its natural appearance."

In British Guiana there prevails that fearful malady the elephantiasis, a description of which is given by our traveller, accompanied by an announcement that a cure for it had been found by a Dr. Vries.

"In this dreadful disease, frambosia, the tubercles, when the malady has for some time proceeded, begin to crack, and at length to ulcerate. Ulcerations also appear in the throat and nose, sometimes destroying the palate and cartilaginous septum; the nose falls, and the breath becomes intolerably offensive. The thickened and tuberculated skin of the extremities become divided and ulcerates, or is corroded under dry, sordid scales, so that the fingers and toes gangrene and separate, joint after joint. Aretes and the ancients in general consider this same disease a universal cancer of the body, and speak of it with terror.

"According to some this disease is called the Arabian's iuzam and iuzamlyk, from an Arabic word which implies *erosion, truncation, excision*. From Arabia, the term iuzam has, no doubt, passed into India, as it is there the common name for the same disease.

"Among the caberajals or Hindoo physicians, who also occasionally demonstrate it *fisadi khun*, from its being supposed to infect the entire mass of blood, but more generally *kora*. One peculiarity of this infection, is the apathy with which it is endured. The mind becomes sluggish and slow in apprehension, no pain, and seldom more than a pleasing itching of the parts. When the sanæous discharge comes on, the muscle, pale and flabby, is in its turn destroyed, and the joint perforated, as by an auger, the extremity droops, and at length falls a victim to the cruel, tardy, but certain poison. The wounds now heal, and other joints are attacked in succession, whilst every revolving year bears with it a trophy of this dilatory march of death. Even at this stage, death comes not to the relief, nor is desired by the infected patient, who, dying by inches, and a spectacle of horror to all who behold him, still fondly cherishes the spark of life remaining, eats voraciously all he can procure, and will often crawl about with little more than the trunk remaining, until old age comes on, and at last he is carried off by diarrhœa or dysentery, which the enfeebled constitution has no stamina to resist.

"Surely all who read the above description, will join in praise to Mr. Vries for his attempt, and a wish that his skill may be rewarded."

How lovely must be

#### A RIDE IN TOBAGO.

"During my ride this day I saw a silk mahot tree in full bearing, with seeds, or pods, like a hare's legs, with buds and straw-colored blossoms, which contrasted beautifully with the large green leaves. This tree was nearly thirty feet high, a foot in diameter, and its bark a light grey color. It always appears to me as if the bright and beautiful birds are attracted by the brilliant blossoms

of the trees; see one of the *bois immortel* with its golden blossoms, and around it are a number of the little creatures fluttering as if they enjoyed its beauties. Once, riding between Providence and Franklyns, I saw an emerald humming-bird reposing on its nest at the end of a bamboo twig bending low down; I stopped and gazed at the beauteous little flutterer, which after a minute flew to a branch above; I took hold of the twig and looked into the nest, which contained two tiny eggs; it would have been profanation to have touched them, the pretty creature looked at us so confidently.

"In the midst of a rural and beautiful country, not far from Les Côteaux, is the highlands waterfall, rushing with velocity, over shelving rocks, from a height of eighty feet. The basin into which the water dashes is fifteen feet in circumference, and ten or twelve deep. The small fall is not more than ten feet. The rays of the sun reflecting through this falling sheet, which appears at least four feet broad, give it the semblance of a magnificent rainbow; nothing can be more beautiful, for though nature in all its sublimity is around you, it creates only feelings of pleasure. Midway up the rocks there is a level space overlooking the basin, where visitors can recline under the shade of the graceful trees, and enjoy the scene beneath and above them; and here again, 'midst the vivid yellow blossoms of the cogwood trees, are birds of all hues. I verily believe this is the prettiest spot in Tobago, unless it be a ride through Arnoes vale, where there are two trees more beautiful than all the others; perhaps, because seen nowhere else. Not very lofty, but with branches bending gracefully like those of the willow, these trees have blossoms in the form of a tulip, one white, one red, and about the size of a liqueur glass, the seeds are contained in pods hanging from the branches like French beans, whilst the leaves are green like the willow.

"In this vale you see also the Spanish needle shrub, the large broad leaves of which, in skilful hands, make excellent razor-strops."

In an appendix, Lieut. Colonel Capadose informs us that emancipation has not produced the anticipated good effects, from the disinclination of the black population to even moderate labor. He is of opinion that European emigrant laborers would thrive in the West Indies, and that neither the climate nor the work is really injurious to health. The culture of sugar alone is noxious to the European. But these fertile islands produce a multitude of other sources of wealth which may be grown without danger to the constitution, as cocoa, arrowroot, aloes, tobacco, ginger, cotton, rice, yams, the bread-fruit, the sappodillo, &c.

To avoid the difficulties arising from aversion to labor, a new plan of cultivation has been introduced:—

"Many of the proprietors of cocoa and coffee plantations at Trinidad have adopted a plan, which, under existing circumstances, may be considered very judicious; they agree with a class of peasants in that colony, called peons, to assist in, or undertake the culture of their lands, and gathering of their crops, for the half of their value, that is, half of the cocoa and coffee produced, or, when sold, half the amount. The possessors of those plantations cannot by such means realize fortunes; but they can maintain themselves and their families, by that easy mode of cultivation, free from care and anxiety."



The condition of the emancipated slaves is represented as happier than that of any peasantry in the world. Well may the laborers at home envy such a lot as this!

"They never can experience distress from want of employment; they can always, when in health, earn more than sufficient for their maintenance, and in case of sickness or infirmity they are provided for by the charitable institutions; their necessities are infinitely fewer than those of corresponding classes in Europe; they require no heavy or expensive raiment; they need only as much firing as will serve to cook their meals, and *bois de chauffage*, or fuel wood, is easily procured almost everywhere, with the exception, perhaps, of Barbadoes, throughout the lands of the West Indies; in fine, if the laborers of that part of the world choose to be industrious, they could not only maintain, but enrich themselves."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### IMPENDING DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE.

SWITZERLAND, without doubt, the most picturesque country in Europe, pays dearly for her beauty in the destructive catastrophes to which she is subject; thus bearing out a favorite line by a French poet, signifying that "the loveliest things have the vilest destinies." In this beautiful but unfortunate land avalanches of snow, torrents of ice, (which glaciers truly are,) inundations of rivers, and the fall of huge rocks, sweep away not only the produce, but the inhabitants of valleys, and convert villages and towns into ruins. Not long ago the little town of Pleurs, comprising 2430 inhabitants, was buried under rocky masses suddenly detached from Mount Conto; and Goldau still lies hidden under a portion of Mount Rofiberg. At present Felsburg, another village, is daily expected to be swallowed up; and its destiny is so certain, that its inhabitants remain in it at the risk of their lives. An appeal in their behalf is going the round of the continental papers, to which we are anxious to give further currency.

The traveller, whilst ascending the Rhine, and whose destination is Coire, the capital of the Grisons, having passed Reichenau, (in the castle of which the present king of the French was once an assistant schoolmaster, and where Dr. Zschokke presided in the early years of his career,\*) perceives, opposite to Ems, the church steeple of a village, surrounded by meadows, and half-concealed by orchards. This is Felsberg, or the "Mountain of Rock." It is situated between the left bank of the river and the southern base of Mount Calanda. The rock, which supplies Felsberg with its name, is about 600 feet in height, and forms the base only of the mountain; for above it the well-wooded brow of the Calanda rises to a further elevation of 8000 feet. At a distance, the situation of this village appears everything that human imagination could desire; but a nearer approach reveals the awful fact, that the place, with all it contains, is in hourly danger of destruction. Already huge blocks of stone, which have rolled violently down from the steep sides of the mountain, are seen close to the houses, under the trees, and in the midst of the fields. Looking upward, an enormous mass, sufficient to entomb a

large city, topples over the village, and is so nearly disengaged from the rest of the mountain, that it is by no means improbable that before these pages meet the public eye, Felsberg will have been crushed under its overwhelming fall!

Various efforts have from time to time been made to postpone the catastrophe; but now competent engineers have decided that further efforts are of no avail. The most threatening part of the mountain has separated itself from the rest, and inclines fearfully forward over Felsberg. The chasm thus formed has been intersected with horizontal props and girders, so that the one side may be made to support the other. But other chasms are constantly opening, in consequence of the incessant disintegration that is going on. The largest of these is already almost a thousand feet deep and ten feet broad. The inhabitants, who for ten years have resisted all sense of fear from the dangers with which they have been threatened, are now at length, by the persuasions of their minister, disposed to remove from the doomed village.

But, alas! now that they are brought to this point, it is found that they have nowhere to go to. The district immediately adjacent offered an asylum; but one spot had no water, whilst another was constantly subject to the inundations of the Rhine. In this dilemma, the people of Felsberg supplicated the neighboring communities to grant them shelter. Ems was willing to receive them, but on a condition which could not be complied with. Ems is a Catholic city, the people of Felsberg are Protestants, and the former would only shelter them on condition of their becoming Roman Catholics. Coire, where they afterwards applied, was more tolerant; but social and political difficulties, of too complicated a nature to be explained here, prevented that negotiation from succeeding. Finally, however, after numerous discussions, a suitable locality has been found; but the obstacle which prevents the unfortunate people from taking possession of it, is no less formidable than those they were unable to surmount. To obtain the desired spot, and to construct upon it a new village, the Felsbergians require money. They are poor; and if public sympathy does not step in with sufficient force and promptitude to provide the necessary funds, they will be constrained to remain where they are till the rock sink them out of the reach of further help. Should this happen, the affluent throughout all Europe will be forever disgraced. Although in every nation cases of home-distress demand our first attention, yet after those are relieved, surely there will be some to spare to rescue a whole community in a foreign land from destruction. The people of the Grisons have already made noble sacrifices to aid their endangered neighbors, but out of their poverty enough could not be expected to effect the desired object. The government of the district has addressed circular letters to the authorities of the twenty-one cantons, in the hope of moving their pity and obtaining their aid. In Germany concerts have been given, the proceeds of which have been forwarded to the Felsberg fund; and in Paris a subscription has been opened at the office of the Swiss legation.\* Should any of our readers be inclined to swell the subscriptions, we have no doubt that the Swiss agent and consul-general in London will not object to receive them.

\* See his life, p. 201.

\* Rue de Tivoli, No. 3.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## A CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.\*

"A MEETING of citizens"—so ran the announcement that, on the morning of the 11th October, 1835, was seen posted, in letters a foot high, at the corner of every street in New Orleans—"a meeting of citizens this evening, at eight o'clock, in the Arcade coffee-house. It concerns the freedom and sovereignty of a people in whose veins the blood of the Anglo-Saxon flows. Texas, the prairie-land, has risen in arms against the tyrant Santa Anna, and the greedy despotism of the Romish priesthood, and implores the assistance of the citizens of the Union. We have therefore convoked an assembly of the inhabitants of this city, and trust to see it numerously attended.

## "THE COMMITTEE FOR TEXAS."

The extensive and fertile province of Texas had, up to the period of Mexico's separation from Spain, been utterly neglected. Situated at the northeastern extremity of the vast Mexican empire, and exposed to the incursions of the Comanches, and other warlike tribes, it contained but a scanty population of six thousand souls, who, for safety's sake, collected together in a few towns, and fortified mission-houses, and even there were compelled to purchase security by tribute to the Indians. It was but a very short time before the outbreak of the Mexican revolution, that the Spaniards began to turn their attention to Texas, and to encourage emigration from the United States. The rich soil, the abundance of game, the excellence of the climate, were irresistible inducements: and soon hundreds of hardy back-woodsmen crossed the Sabine, with their families and worldly goods, and commenced the work of colonization. Between the iron-fisted Yankees and the indolent cowardly Mexicans, the Indian marauders speedily discovered the difference; instead of tribute and unlimited submission, they were now received with rifle-bullets and stern resistance; gradually they ceased their aggressions, and Texas became comparatively a secure residence.

The Mexican revolution broke out and triumphed, and at first the policy of the new government was favorable to the Americans in Texas, whose numbers each day increased. But after a time, several laws, odious and onerous to the settlers, were passed; and various disputes and partial combats with the Mexican garrisons occurred. When Santa Anna put himself at the head of the liberal party in Mexico, the Texians gladly raised his banner; but they soon discovered that the change was to prove of little advantage to them. Santa Anna's government showed a greater jealousy of the American settlers than any previous one had done; their prayer, that the province they had colonized might be erected into a state of the Mexican union, was utterly disregarded, and its bearer, Stephen F. Austin, detained in prison at Mexico; various citizens were causelessly arrested, and numerous other acts of injustice committed. At last, in the summer of 1835, Austin procured his release, and returned to Texas, where he was joyfully received by the aggrieved colonists. Presently arrived large bodies of troops, under the Mexican general, Cos, destined to strengthen the Texian garrisons; and at the same time came a number of ordinances, as ridiculous as they were

unjust. One of these ordered the Texians to give up their arms, only retaining one gun for every five plantations; another forbade the building of churches. The tyranny of such edicts, and the positive cruelty of the first named, in a country surrounded by tribes of Indian robbers, are too evident to require comment. The Texians, although they were but twenty-seven thousand against eight millions, at once resolved to resist; and to do so with greater effect, they sent deputies to the United States, to crave assistance in the struggle about to commence.

The summons of the Texian committee of New Orleans to their fellow-citizens was enthusiastically responded to. At the appointed hour, the immense Arcade coffee-house was thronged to the roof; speeches in favor of Texian liberty were made and applauded to the echo; and two lists were opened—one for subscriptions, the other for the names of those who were willing to lend the aid of their arms to their oppressed fellow-countrymen. Before the meeting separated, ten thousand dollars were subscribed; and on the following afternoon, the steamer Washita ascended the Mississippi with the first company of volunteers. These had ransacked the tailors' shops for grey clothing, such being the color best suited to the prairie, and thence they received the name of "The Greys;" their arms were rifles, pistols, and the far-famed bowie-knife. The day after their departure, a second company of Greys set sail, but went round by sea to the Texian coast; and the third instalment of these ready volunteers was the company of Tampico Blues, who took ship for the port of Tampico. The three companies consisted of Americans, English, French, and several Germans. Six of the latter nation were to be found in the ranks of the Greys; and one of them, a Prussian, of the name of Ehrenberg, who appears to have been for some time an inhabitant of the United States, and to be well acquainted with the country, its people, their language and peculiarities, survived, in one instance by a seeming miracle, the many desperate fights and bloody massacres that occurred during the short but severe conflict for Texian independence, in which nearly the whole of his comrades were slain. He has recently published an account of the campaign; and his narrative, highly characteristic and circumstantial, derives a peculiar interest from his details of the defeats suffered by the Texians, before they could succeed in shaking off the Mexican yoke. Of their victories, and especially the crowning one at San Jacinto, various accounts have already appeared; but the history of their reverses, although not less interesting, is far less known; for the simple reason, that the Mexicans gave no quarter to those whom they styled rebels, and that the defeat of a body of Texians was almost invariably followed by its extermination.

Great was the enthusiasm, and joyful the welcome, with which the Texian colonists received the first company of volunteers, when, under the command of Captain Breece, they landed from their steamboat upon the southern bank of the river Sabine. No sooner had they set foot on shore, than a flag of blue silk, embroidered with the words, "To the first company of Texian volunteers from New Orleans," was presented to them in the name of the women of Texas; the qualification of Texian citizens was conferred upon them; every house was placed at their disposal for quarters; and banquets innumerable were prepared

\* *Fahrten und Schicksale eines Deutschen in Texas.*  
Von H. EHRENBURG. Leipzig; 1845.

in their honor. But the moment was critical—time was too precious to be expended in feasts and merry-making, and they pressed onwards. A two days' march brought them to San Augustin, two more to Nacogdoches, and thence, after a short pause, they set out on their journey of five hundred miles to St. Antonio, where they expected first to burn powder. Nor were they deceived in their expectations. They found the Texian militia encamped before the town, which, as well as its adjacent fort of the Alamo, was held by the Mexicans; the Texans were besieging it in the best manner their imperfect means and small numbers would permit. An amusing account is here given by Mr. Ehrenberg of the camp and proceedings of the besieging force:—

"We had arrived late in the night, and at sunrise a spectacle offered itself to us, totally different from anything we had ever before beheld. To our left flowed the river San Antonio, which, although it rises but a few miles from the town of the same name, is already, on reaching the latter, six or eight feet deep, and eighteen or twenty yards broad. It here describes a curve, enclosing a sort of promontory or peninsula, at the commencement of which, up-stream, the Texian camp was pitched. At the opposite or lower extremity, but also on the right bank of the river, was the ancient town of St. Antonio, hidden from the camp by the thick wood that fringes the banks of all Texian streams. Between us and the town was a maize-field, a mile long, and at that time lying fallow; opposite to the field, on the left bank, and only separated from the town by the river, stood the Alamo, the principal fortress of the province of Texas. The camp itself extended over a space half a mile in length, surrounded by maize-fields and prairie, the latter sprinkled with muskeet thickets, and with groups of gigantic cactuses; in the high grass between which the horses and oxen of our troops were peaceably grazing. On entering the adjacent fields, the air was instantly darkened by millions of blackbirds, which rose like a cloud from the ground, described a few circles, and then again settled, to seek their food upon the earth. In one field, which had been used as a place of slaughter for the cattle, whole troops of vultures, of various kinds, were stalking about amongst the offal, or sitting, with open beaks and wings outspread, upon the dry branches of the neighboring pecan-trees, warming themselves in the sun-beams, no bad type of the Mexicans; whilst here and there, a solitary wolf or prairie dog prowled among the heads, hides, and entrails of the slaughtered beasts, taking his breakfast as deliberately as his human neighbors. The *reveillé* had sounded, and the morning gun been fired from the Alamo, when presently the drum beat to summon the various companies to roll-call; and the men were seen emerging from their tents and huts. It will give some idea of the internal organization of the Texian army, if I record the proceedings of the company that lay opposite to us, the soldiers composing which were disturbed by the tap of the drum in the agreeable occupation of cooking their breakfast. This consisted of pieces of beef, which they roasted at the fire on small wooden spits. Soon a row of these warriors, some only half-dressed, stood before the sergeant, who, with the roll of the company in his hand, was waiting their appearance; they were without their rifles, instead of which, most of them carried a bowie-knife in one hand, and a skewer, transfixing a lump of smoking meat, in the other.

Several did not think proper to obey the summons at all, their roast not being yet in a state that permitted them to leave it. At last the sergeant began to call the names, which were answered to alternately from the ranks or from some neighboring fire, and once a sleepy "here!" proceeding from under the canvass of a tent, caused a hearty laugh amongst the men, and made the sergeant look sulky, although he passed it over as if it were no unusual occurrence. When all the names had been called, he had no occasion to dismiss his men, for each of them, after answering, had returned to the fire and his breakfast.

We Greys, particularly the Europeans, looked at each other, greatly amused by this specimen of Texian military discipline. We, ourselves, it is true, up to this time, had never even had the roll called, but had been accustomed, as soon as the *reveillé* sounded, to get our breakfast, and then set forward in a body, or by twos and threes, trotting, walking, or galloping as best pleased us. Only in one respect were we very particular; namely, that the quartermaster and two or three men, should start an hour before us, to warn the inhabitants of our approach, and get food and quarters ready for our arrival. If we did not find everything prepared, and that it was the quartermaster's fault, he was reduced to the ranks, as were also any of the other officers who misbehaved themselves. I must observe, however, that we were never obliged to break either of our captains; for both Breece of ours, and Captain Cook of the other company of Greys, made themselves invariably beloved and respected. Cook has since risen to the rank of major-general, and is, or was the other day, quartermaster-general of the republic of Texas.

Towards nine o'clock, a party crossed the field between our camp and the town, to reinforce a small redoubt erected by Cook's Greys, and provided with two cannon, which were continually thundering against the Alamo, and from time to time knocking down a fragment of wall. The whole affair seemed like a party of pleasure, and every telling shot was hailed with shouts of applause. Meanwhile, the enemy were not idle, but kept up a fire from eight or nine pieces, directed against the redoubt; the balls and canister ploughing up the ground in every direction, and driving clouds of dust towards the camp. It was no joke to get over the six or eight hundred yards that intervened between the latter and the redoubt, for there was scarcely any cover, and the Mexican artillery was far better served than ours. Nevertheless, the desire to obtain a full view of the Alamo, which, from the redoubt, presented an imposing appearance, induced eight men, including myself, to take a start across the field. It seemed as if the enemy had pointed at us every gun in the fort; the bullets fell around us like hail, and for a moment the blasting tempest compelled us to take refuge behind a pecan-tree. Here we stared at each other, and laughed heartily at the absurd figure we cut, standing, eight men deep, behind a nut tree, whilst our comrades, both in the camp and the redoubt, shouted with laughter at every discharge that rattled amongst the branches over our heads.

"This is what you call making war," said one of our party, Thomas Camp by name.

"And that," said another, as a whole swarm of iron mosquitoes buzzed by him, "is what we Americans call variations on Yankee Doodle."

Just then there was a tremendous crash among



the branches, and we dashed out from our cover, and across to the redoubt, only just in time; for the next moment the ground on which we had been standing was strewn with the heavy boughs of the pecan-tree.

All was life and bustle in the little redoubt; the men were standing round the guns, talking and joking, and taking it by turns to have a shot at the old walls. Before firing, each man was compelled to name his mark, and say what part of the Alamo he meant to demolish, and then bets were made as to his success or failure.

"A hundred rifle-bullets to twenty," cried one man, "that I hit between the third and fourth window of the barracks."

"Done!" cried half a dozen voices. The shot was fired, and the clumsy artilleryman had to cast bullets all next day.

"My pistols—the best in camp, by the by"—exclaimed another aspirant, "against the worst in the redoubt."

"Well, sir, I reckon I may venture," said a hard-featured backwoodsman in a green hunting-shirt, whose pistols, if not quite so good as those wagered, were at any rate the next best. Away flew the ball, and the pistols of the unlucky marksman were transferred to Green-shirt, who generously drew forth his own, and handed them to the loser.

"Well, comrade, s'pose I must give you yer revenge. If I don't hit, you'll have your pistols back again."

The cannon was reloaded, and the backwoodsman squinted along it, as if it had been his own rifle, his features twisted up into a mathematical calculation, and his right hand describing in the air all manner of geometrical figures. At last he was ready; one more squint along the gun, the match was applied, and the explosion took place. The rattle of the stones warned us that the ball had taken effect. When the smoke cleared away, we looked in vain for the third and fourth windows, and a tremendous hurra burst forth for old Deaf Smith, as he was called, for the bravest Texian who ever hunted across a prairie, and who subsequently, with a small corps of observation, did such good-service on the Mexican frontier between Neufces and the Rio Grande.

The restless and impetuous Yankee volunteers were not long in finding opportunities of distinction. Some Mexican sharpshooters having come down to the opposite side of the river, whence they fired into the redoubt, were repelled by a handful of the Greys, who then, carried away by their enthusiasm, drove in the enemy's outposts, and entered the suburbs of the town. They got too far, and were in imminent risk of being overpowered by superior numbers, when Deaf Smith came to their rescue with a party of their comrades. Several days passed away in skirmishing, without any decisive assault being made upon the town or fort. The majority of the men were for attacking; but some of the leaders opposed it, and wished to retire into winter quarters in rear of the Guadalupe river, wait for further reinforcements from the States, and then, in the spring, again advance, and carry St. Antonio by a *coup de main*. To an army, in whose ranks subordination and discipline were scarcely known, and where every man thought his opinion as worthy to be listened to as that of the general, a difference of opinion was destruction. The Texian militia, disgusted with their leader, Burleson, retreated in straggling

parties across the Guadalupe; about four hundred men, consisting chiefly of the volunteers from New Orleans and the Mississippi, remained behind, besieging St. Antonio, of which the garrison was nearly two thousand strong. The four hundred melted away, little by little, to two hundred and ten; but these held good, and resolved to attack the town. They did so, and took it, house by house, with small loss to themselves, and a heavy one to the Mexicans. On the sixth day, the garrison of the Alamo, which was commanded by General Cos, and which the deadly Texian rifles had reduced to little more than half its original numbers, capitulated. After laying down their arms, they were allowed to retire beyond the Rio Grande. Forty-eight pieces of cannon, four thousand muskets, and a quantity of military stores, fell into the hands of the Texians, whose total loss amounted to six men dead, and twenty-nine wounded.

After two or three weeks' sojourn at St. Antonio, it was determined to advance upon Matamoras; and on the 30th December the volunteers set out, leaving a small detachment to garrison the Alamo. The advancing column was commanded by Colonel Johnson; but its real leader, although he declined accepting a definite command, was Colonel Grant, a Scotchman, who had formerly held a commission in the Highland regiment, but has now been for many years resident in Mexico. On reaching the little fort of Goliad, near the town of La Bahia, which had a short time previously been taken by a few Texians under Demmit, they halted, intending to wait for reinforcements. A company of Kentuckians, and some other small parties joined them, making up their strength to about six hundred men; but they were still obliged to wait for ammunition, and as the troops began to get impatient, their leaders marched them to Refugio, a small town and ruinous fort, about thirty miles further on. Here, in the latter days of January, 1836, General Houston, commander-in-chief of the Texian forces, suddenly and unexpectedly appeared amongst them. He assembled the troops, harangued them, and upreached the proposed expedition to Matamoras as useless, that town being without the proposed limits of the republic. Nevertheless, so great was the impatience of inaction, that two detachments, together about seventy men, marched by different roads towards the Rio Grande, under command of Grant and Johnson. Their example might probably have been followed by others, had not the arrival of some strong reinforcements from the United States caused various changes in the plan of campaign. The fresh troops consisted of Colonel Fanning's free corps, the Georgia battalion under Major Ward, and the Red Rovers, from Alabama, under Doctor Shackelford. Fanning's and Ward's men, and the Greys, retired to Goliad, and set actively to work to improve and strengthen the fortifications; whilst Colonel Grant, whose chief failing appears to have been over-confidence, continued with a handful of followers his advance to the Rio Grande, promising at least to bring back a supply of horses for the use of the army.

On the 5th of March, the garrison of Goliad received intelligence of the declaration of Texian independence, and of the appointment of a government, with Burnet as president, and Lorenzo de Zavala, a Mexican, as vice-president. At the same time, came orders from General Houston to destroy the forts of Goliad and the Alamo, and

retreat immediately behind the Guadalupe. Santa Anna, with twelve thousand men, was advancing, by rapid marches, towards Texas. The order reached the Alamo too late, for the little garrison of a hundred and eighty men was already hemmed in, on all sides, by several thousand Mexicans, and had sent messengers, imploring assistance, to Fanning at Goliad, and to Houston, who was then stationed with five hundred militia at Gonzales, high up on the Guadalupe. A second despatch from General Houston gave Fanning the option of retiring behind the Guadalupe; or, if his men wished it, of marching to the relief of the Alamo, in which latter case he was to join Houston and his troops at Seguin's Rancho, about forty miles from St. Antonio. Fanning, however, who, although a man of brilliant and distinguished courage, seems to have been an undecided and wrongheaded officer, did neither, but preferred to wait for the enemy within the walls of Goliad. In vain did a majority of his men, and especially the Greys, urge him to march to the rescue of their comrades; he positively refused to do so, although each day witnessed the arrival of fresh couriers from St. Antonio, imploring succor.

One morning three men belonging to the small detachment which, under Colonel Grant, had gone upon the mad expedition to the Rio Grande, arrived at Goliad with news of the destruction of their companions. Only thirty in number, they had collected four hundred fine horses, and were driving them northward to rejoin their friends, when, in a narrow pass between thickets, they were suddenly surrounded by several hundred of the enemy's lancers, whose attack, however, seemed directed rather against the horses than the escort. Grant, whose courage was blind, and who had already witnessed many instances of the almost incredible poltroonery of those half-Indians, drew his sword, and charged the Mexicans, who were at least ten times his strength. A discharge of rifles and pistols stretched scores of the lancers upon the ground; but that discharge made, there was no time to reload, and the Texans had to defend themselves as best they might, with their bowie-knives and rifle-butts, against the lances of the foe, with the certainty that any of them who fell wounded from their saddles, would instantly be crushed and mangled under the feet of the wild horses, which, terrified by the firing and conflict, tore madly about the narrow field. Each moment the numbers of the Texans diminished, one after the other disappeared, transfixed by the lances, trampled by the hoofs. Colonel Grant and three men—those who brought the news to Goliad—had reached the outskirts of the *mêlée*, and might at once have taken to flight; but Grant perceived some others of his men still fighting heroically amongst the mass of Mexicans, and once more he charged in to rescue them. Everything gave way before him, his broadsword whistled around him, and man after man fell beneath its stroke. His three followers having reloaded, were rushing forward to his support, when suddenly the fatal lasso flew threw the air, its coils surrounded the body of the gallant Scot, and the next instant he lay upon the ground beneath the feet of the foaming and furious horses. In horrorstruck silence, the three survivors turned their horses' heads north-east, and fled from the scene of slaughter.

Besides this disaster, numerous detachments of Texans were cut off by the Mexicans, who now swarmed over the southern part of the province.

Colonel Johnson and his party were surprised in the town of San Patricio and cut to pieces, Johnson and four of his followers being all that escaped. Thirty men under Captain King, who had been sent by Fanning to escort some settlers on their way northwards, were attacked by overpowering numbers, and, after a most desperate defence, utterly exterminated. The Georgia battalion under Major Ward, which had marched from Goliad to the assistance of King and his party, fell in with a large body of Mexican cavalry and infantry, and although, during the darkness, they managed to escape, they lost their way in the prairie, were unable to return to Goliad, and subsequently, as will hereafter be seen, fell into the hands of the enemy. The Alamo itself was taken, not a man surviving of the one hundred and eighty who had so valiantly defended it. On the other hand, we have Mr. Ehrenberg's assurance that its capture cost Santa Anna two thousand two hundred men. In the ranks of the besieging army were between two and three thousand convicts, who, on all occasions, were put in the post of danger. At the attack on the Alamo they were promised a free pardon if they took the place. Nevertheless, they advanced reluctantly enough to the attack, and twice, when they saw their ranks mown down by the fire of the Texans, they turned to fly, but each time they were driven back to the charge by the bayonets and artillery of their countrymen. At last, when the greater part of these unfortunates had fallen, Santa Anna caused his fresh troops to advance, and the place was taken. The two last of the garrison fell by the Mexican bullets as they were rushing, torch in hand, to fire the powder magazine. The fall of the Alamo was announced to Colonel Fanning in a letter from Houston.

"The next point of the enemy's operations," said the old general, "will be Goliad, and let the garrison reflect on the immensity of the force that within a very few days will surround its walls. I conjure them to make a speedy retreat, and to join the militia behind the Guadalupe. Only by a concentration of our forces can we hope to achieve anything; and if Goliad is besieged, it will be impossible for me to succor it, or to stake the fate of the republic upon a battle in the prairie, where the ground is so unfavorable to our troops. Once more, therefore, Colonel Fanning—in rear of the Guadalupe!"

At last, but unfortunately too late, Fanning decided to obey the orders of his general. The affairs of the republic of Texas were indeed in a most critical and unfavorable state. St. Antonio taken, the army of volunteers nearly annihilated, eight or ten thousand Mexican troops in the country, for the garrison of Goliad no chance of relief in case of a siege, and, moreover, a scanty store of provisions. These were the weighty grounds which finally induced Fanning to evacuate and destroy Goliad. The history of the retreat will be best given in a condensed translation of the interesting narrative now before us.

On the 18th of April, 1836, says Mr. Ehrenberg, at eight in the morning, we commenced our retreat from the demolished and still burning fort of Goliad. The fortifications, at which we had all worked with so much zeal, a heap of dried beef, to prepare which nearly seven hundred oxen had been slaughtered, and the remainder of our wheat and maize flour, had been set on fire, and were sending up black columns of smoke towards the

clouded heavens. Nothing was to be seen of the enemy, although their scouts had for some days previously been observed in the west, towards St. Antonio. All the artillery, with the exception of two long four-pounders and a couple of mortars, were spiked and left behind us. But the number of store and ammunition wagons with which we started was too great, and our means of drawing them inadequate, so that, before we had gone half a mile, our track was marked by objects of various kinds scattered about the road, and several carts had broken down or been left behind. At a mile from Goliad, on the picturesque banks of the St. Antonio, the remainder of the baggage was abandoned or hastily thrown into the river; chests full of cartridges, the soldiers' effects, everything, in short, was committed to the transparent waters; and having harnessed the oxen and draught horses to the artillery and to two ammunition wagons, we slowly continued the march, our foes still remaining invisible.

Our road lay through one of those enchanting landscapes, composed of small prairies, intersected by strips of oak and underwood. On all sides droves of oxen were feeding in the high grass, herds of wild-eyed deer gazed wonderingly at the army that thus intruded upon the solitary prairies of the west, and troops of horses dashed madly away upon our approach, the thunder of their hoofs continuing to be audible long after their disappearance. At eight miles from Goliad begins an extensive and treeless prairie, known as the Nine-mile Prairie; and across this, towards three in the afternoon, we had advanced about four or five miles. Myself and some of my comrades, who acted as rearguard, were about two miles behind, and had received orders to keep a sharp eye upon the forest, which lay at a considerable distance to our left; but as up to this time no signs of an enemy had been visible, we were riding along in full security, when, upon casually turning our heads, we perceived, about four miles off, at the edge of the wood, a something that resembled a man on horseback. But as the thing, whatever it was, did not appear to move, we decided that it must be a tree or some other inanimate object, and we rode on without taking further notice. We proceeded in this way for about a quarter of an hour, and then, the main body being only about a quarter of a mile before us, marching at a snail's pace, we halted to rest a little, and let our horses feed. Now for the first time, as we gazed out over the seemingly boundless prairie, we perceived in our rear, and close to the wood, a long black line. At first we took it to be a herd of oxen which the settlers were driving eastward, to rescue them from the Mexicans; but the dark mass drew rapidly nearer, became each moment more plainly discernible, and soon we could no longer doubt that a strong body of Mexican cavalry was following us at full gallop. We sprang upon our horses, and, at the top of their speed, hurried after our friends, to warn them of the approaching danger. Its intimation was received with a loud hurra; all was made ready for the fight, a square was formed, and in this manner we marched on, as fast as possible certainly, but that was slowly enough. Fanning, our commander, was unquestionably a brave and daring soldier, but unfortunately he was by no means fitted for the post he held, or indeed for any undivided command. As a proof of this, instead of endeavoring to reach the nearest wood, hardly a mile off, and sheltered, in which our Texian and

American riflemen would have been found invincible, he resolved to give battle upon the open and unfavorable ground that we now occupied.

The Mexicans came up at a furious gallop to a distance of five or six hundred paces, and thence gave us a volley from their carbines, of which we took no notice, seeing that the bullets flew at a respectful height above our heads, or else fell whistling upon the earth before us, without even raising the dust. One only of the harmless things passed between me and my right hand man, and tore off part of the cap of my friend, Thomas Camp, who, after myself, was the youngest man in the army. We remained perfectly quiet, and waited for the enemy to come nearer, which he did, firing volley after volley. Our artillery officers, for the most part Poles, tall, handsome men, calmly awaited the opportune moment to return the fire. It came; the ranks opened, and the artillery vomited death and destruction amongst the Mexicans, whose ill-broken horses recoiled in dismay and confusion from the flash and thunders of the guns. The effect of our fire was frightful, steeds and riders lay convulsed and dying upon the ground, and for a time the advance of the enemy was checked. We profited by this to continue our retreat, but had marched a very short distance before we were again threatened with a charge, and Fanning commanded a halt. It was pointed out to him that another body of the enemy was advancing upon our left, to cut us off from the wood, and that those who had already attacked us were merely sent to divert our attention whilst the manoeuvre was executed. But Fanning either did not see the danger, or he was vexed that another should be more quicksighted than himself, for he would not retract his order. At last, after much vain discussion, and after representing to him how necessary it was to gain the wood, the Greys declared that they would march thither alone. But it was too late. The enemy had already cut us off from it, and there was nothing left but to fight our way through them, or give battle where we stood. Fanning was for the latter course; and before the captains, who had formed a council of war, could come to a decision, the Mexican trumpets sounded the charge, and with shout and shot the cavalry bore down upon us, their wild cries, intended to frighten us, contrasting oddly with the silence and phlegm of our people, who stood waiting the opportunity to make the best use of their rifles. Again and again our artillery played havoc amongst the enemy, who, finding his cavalry so unsuccessful in its assaults, now brought up the infantry, in order to make a combined attack on all sides at once. Besides the Mexicans, three hundred of their Indian allies, Lipans and Caranhuas, approached us on the left, stealing through the long grass, and, contemptible themselves, but formidable by their position, wounded several of our people almost before we perceived their proximity. A few discharges of canister soon rid us of these troublesome assailants.

Meanwhile the hostile infantry, who had now joined the cavalry, slowly advanced, keeping up a constant but irregular fire, which we replied to with our rifles. In a very short time we were surrounded by so dense a smoke that we were often compelled to pause and advance a little towards the enemy, before we could distinguish an object at which to aim. The whole prairie was covered with clouds of smoke, through which were seen the rapid flashes of the musketry, accompanied



by the thunder of the artillery, the sharp clear crack of our rifles, and the occasional blare of the Mexican trumpets, encouraging to the fight. At that moment, I believe there was not a coward in the field; in the midst of such a tumult there was no time to think of self. We rushed on to meet the advancing foe, and many of us found ourselves standing firing in the very middle of his ranks. I myself was one of these. In the smoke and confusion I had got too far forward, and was too busy loading and firing, to perceive that I was in the midst of the Mexicans. As soon as I discovered my mistake, I hurried back to our own position, in all the greater haste, because the touchhole of my rifle had got stopped.

But things went badly with us; many of our people were killed, more, severely wounded; all our artillerymen, with the exception of one Pole, had fallen, and formed a wall of dead bodies round the guns; the battle-field was covered with dead and dying men and horses, with rifles and other weapons. Fanning himself had been thrice wounded. The third bullet had gone through two coats and through the pocket of his overalls, in which he had a silk handkerchief, and had entered the flesh, but, strange to say, without cutting through all the folds of the silk; so that when he drew out the handkerchief, the ball fell out of it, and he then for the first time felt the pain of the wound.

It was between five and six o'clock. In vain had the cavalry endeavored to bring their horses against our ranks; each attempt had been rendered fruitless by the steady fire of our artillery and rifles, and at last they were obliged to retreat. The infantry also retired without waiting for orders, and our guns, which were now served by the Greys, sent a last greeting after them. Seven hundred Mexicans lay dead upon the field; but we also had lost a fifth part of our men, more than had ever fallen on the side of the Texians in any contest since the war began, always excepting the massacre of the Alamo. The enemy still kept near us, apparently disposed to wait till the next day, and then renew their attacks. Night came on, but brought us no repose; a fine rain began to fall, and spoiled the few rifles that were still in serviceable order. Each moment we expected an assault from the Mexicans, who had divided themselves into three detachments, of which one was posted in the direction of Goliad, another upon the road to Victoria, which was our road, and the third upon our left, equidistant from the other two, so as to form a triangle. Their signals showed us their position through the darkness. We saw that it was impossible to retreat unperceived, and that our only plan was to spike the guns, abandon the wounded and artillery, put our rifles in as good order as might be, and cut our way through that body of Mexicans, which held the road to Victoria. Once in the wood, we were safe, and all Santa Anna's regiments would have been insufficient to dislodge us. The Greys were of opinion that it was better to sacrifice a part than the whole, and to abandon the wounded, rather than place ourselves at the mercy of a foe in whose honor and humanity no trust could be reposed. But Fanning was of a different opinion. Whether his wounds—none of them, it is true, very severe—and the groans and complaints of the dying, had rendered him irresolute and shaken his well-tried courage, or whether it was the hope that our vanguard, which had reached the wood before the Mexicans surrounded us, would return with a reinforcement from Victo-

ria, only ten miles distant, and where, as it was falsely reported, six hundred militiamen were stationed, I cannot say; but he remained obstinate, and we vainly implored him to take advantage of the pitch-dark night, and retreat to the wood. He insisted upon waiting till eight o'clock the next morning, and if no assistance came to us by that time, we could cut our way, he said, in open day, through the ranks of our contemptible foe, and if we did not conquer, we could at least bravely die.

"Give way to my wishes, comrades," said he; "listen to the groans of our wounded brethren, whose lives may yet be saved by medical skill. Will the New Orleans' Greys, the first company who shouldered the rifle for Texian liberty, abandon their unfortunate comrades to a cruel death at the hands of our barbarous foes? Once more, friends, I implore you, wait till daybreak, and if no help is then at hand, it shall be as you please, and I will follow you."

In order to unstiffen my limbs, which were numbed by the wet and cold, I walked to and fro in our little camp, gazing out into the darkness. Not a star was visible, the night was gloomy and dismal, well calculated to crush all hope in our heart. I stepped out of the encampment, and walked in the direction of the enemy. From time to time dark figures glided swiftly by within a short distance of me. They were the Indians, carrying away the bodies of the dead Mexicans, in order to conceal from us the extent of their loss. For hours I mournfully wandered about, and day was breaking when I returned to the camp. All were already astir. In silent expectation, we strained our eyes in the direction of the neighboring wood, hoping each moment to see our friends burst out from its shelter; but as the light became stronger, all our hopes fled, and our previous doubts as to whether there really were any troops at Victoria, became confirmed. The Mexican artillery had come up during the night, and now appeared stationed with the detachment which cut us off from the wood.

It was seven o'clock; we had given up all hopes of succor, and had assembled together to deliberate on the best mode of attacking the Mexicans, when their artillery suddenly bellowed forth a morning salutation, and the balls came roaring over and around us. These messengers hastened our decision, and we resolved at once to attack the troops upon the road with rifle and bowie-knife, and at all hazards and any loss to gain the wood. All were ready; even the wounded, those at least who were able to stand, made ready to accompany us, determined to die fighting, rather than be unresistingly butchered. Suddenly, and at the very moment that we were about to advance, the white flag, the symbol of peace, was raised upon the side of the Mexicans. Mistrusting their intentions, however, we were going to press forward, when Fanning's command checked us. He had conceived hopes of rescuing himself and his comrades, by means of an honorable capitulation, from the perilous position into which he could not but feel that his own obstinacy had brought them.

Three of the enemy's officers now approached our camp, two of them Mexican cavalry-men, the third a German who had got into favor with Santa Anna, and had risen to be colonel of artillery. He was, if I am not mistaken, a native of Mayence, and originally a carpenter, but having some talent for mathematics and architecture, he had entered the service of an English mining company,

and been sent to Mexico. There Santa Anna employed him to build his well-known country-house of Mango do Clavo, and conceiving, from the manner in which the work was executed, a high opinion of the talent of the builder, he gave him a commission in the engineers, and in time made him colonel of artillery. This man, whose name was Holzinger, was the only one who spoke English of the three officers who came with the flag of truce; and as he spoke it very badly, a great deal of our conference took place in German, and was then retranslated into Spanish. After a long discussion, Fanning agreed to the following conditions: namely, that we should deliver up our arms, that our private property should be respected, and we ourselves sent to Corpano or Matamora, there to embark for New Orleans. So long as we were prisoners of war, we were to receive the same rations as the Mexican soldiers. On the other hand, we gave our word of honor not again to bear arms against the existing government of Mexico.

Whilst the three officers returned to General Urrea, who commanded the Mexican army, to procure the ratification of these conditions, we, the volunteers from New Orleans and Mobile, surrounded Fanning, highly dissatisfied at the course that had been adopted. "What!" was the cry, "is this the way that Fanning keeps his promise—this his boasted courage? Has he forgotten the fate of our brothers, massacred at St. Antonio? Does he not yet know our treacherous foes? In the Mexican tongue, to capitulate, means to die. Let us die then, but fighting for Texas and for liberty; and let the blood of hundreds of Mexicans mingle with our own. Perhaps, even though they be ten times as numerous, we may succeed in breaking through their ranks. Think of St. Antonio, where we were two hundred and ten against two thousand, and yet we conquered. Why not again risk the combat?" But all our expostulations and reproaches were in vain. The majority were for a surrender, and we were compelled to give way and deliver up our weapons. Some of the Greys strode sullenly up and down the camp, casting furious glances at Fanning and those who had voted for the capitulation; others sat motionless, their eyes fixed upon the ground, envying the fate of those who had fallen in the fight. Despair was legibly written on the faces of many who but too well foresaw our fate. One man in particular, an American, of the name of Johnson, exhibited the most ungovernable fury. He sat grinding his teeth, and stamping upon the ground, and puffing forth volumes of smoke from his cigar, whilst he meditated, as presently appeared, a frightful plan of vengeance.

Stimulated by curiosity, a number of Mexicans now strolled over to our camp, and gazed shyly at the gloomy grey marksmen, as if they still feared them, and even though unarmed. The beauty of the rifles which our people had given up, was also a subject of great wonder and admiration; and soon the camp became crowded with unwelcome visitors—their joy and astonishment at their triumph, contrasting with the despair and despondency of the prisoners. Suddenly a broad bright flame flashed through the morning fog, a tremendous explosion followed, and then all was again still, and the prairie strewn with wounded men. A cloud of smoke was crushed down by the heavy atmosphere upon the dark green plain; the horses of the Mexican officers reared wildly in the air, or, with bristling mane and streaming tail, gal-

loped furiously away with their half-deafened riders. Numbers of persons had been thrown down by the shock, others had flung themselves upon the ground in consternation, and some moments elapsed before the cause of the explosion was ascertained. The powder magazine had disappeared—all but a small part of the carriage, around which lay a number of wounded, and, at about fifteen paces from it, a black object, in which the form of a human being was scarcely recognizable, but which was still living, almost unable to speak. Coal-black as a negro, and frightfully disfigured, it was impossible to distinguish the features of this unhappy wretch. Inquiry was made, the roll was called, and Johnson was found missing. Nobody had observed his proceedings, and the explosion may have been the result of an accident; but we entertained little doubt that he had formed a deliberate plan to kill himself and as many Mexicans as he could, and had chosen what he considered a favorable moment to set fire to the ammunition-wagon. As it happened, the cover was not fastened down, so that the principal force of the powder went upwards, and his terrible project was rendered in a great measure abortive.

Scarcely had the confusion caused by this incident subsided, and the fury of our foes been appeased, when the alarm was sounded in the opposite camp, and the Mexicans ran to their arms. The cause of this was soon explained. In the wood, which, could we have reached it, would have been our salvation, appeared our faithful vanguard, accompanied by all the militia they had been able to collect in so short a time—the whole commanded by Colonel Horton. False indeed had been the report, that six or eight hundred men were stationed at Victoria; including our vanguard, the gallant fellows who thus came to our assistance were but sixty in number.

"With what horror," said the brave Horton, subsequently, "did we perceive that we had arrived too late! We stood thunderstruck and uncertain what to do, when we were suddenly roused from our bewilderment by the sound of the Mexican trumpets. There was no time to lose, and our minds were speedily made up. Although Fanning had so far forgotten his duty as to surrender, ours was to save ourselves, for the sake of the republic. Now, more than ever, since all the volunteers were either killed or prisoners, had Texas need of our arms and rifles. We turned our horses, and galloped back to Victoria, whence we marched to join Houston at Gonzales."

The Mexicans lost no time in pursuing Horton and his people, but without success, the fugitives reached the thickly-wooded banks of the Guadalupe, and disappeared amongst intricacies through which the foe did not dare to follow them. Had the reinforcement arrived one half hour sooner, the bloody tragedy soon to be enacted would never have taken place.

The unfortunate Texian prisoners were now marched back to Goliad, and shut up in the church, which was thereby so crowded that scarcely a fourth of them were able to sit or crouch upon the ground. Luckily the interior of the building was thirty-five to forty feet high, or they would inevitably have been suffocated. Here they remained all night, parched with thirst; and it was not till eight in the morning that six of their number were permitted to fetch water from the river. In the evening they were again allowed water, but for two nights and days no other refreshment passed

their lips. Strong pickets of troops, and guns loaded with grape, were stationed round their prison, ready to massacre them in case of an outbreak, which it seemed the intention of the Mexicans to provoke. At last, on the evening of the second day, six ounces of raw beef were distributed to each man. This they had no means of cooking, save at two small fires, which they made of the wood-work of the church; and as the heat caused by these was unendurable to the closely packed multitude, the majority devoured their scanty ration raw. One more night was passed in this wretched state, and then the prisoners were removed to an open court within the walls of the fortress. This was a great improvement of their situation, but all that day no rations were given to them, and they began to buy food of the soldiers, giving for it what money they possessed; and when that was all gone, bartering their clothes, even to their shirts and trousers. So enormous, however, were the prices charged by the Mexicans, Mr. Ehrenberg tells us, that one hungry man could easily eat at a meal ten dollars' worth of *tortillas* or maize-cakes. Not satisfied with this mode of extortion, the Mexican soldiers, who are born thieves, were constantly on the look-out to rob the unhappy prisoners of whatever clothing or property they had left.

On the fourth morning, three quarters of a pound of beef were given to each man; and whilst they were engaged in roasting it, there appeared to their great surprise a hundred and twenty fresh prisoners, being Major Ward's detachment, which had lost its way in the prairie, and, after wandering about for eight days, had heard of Fanning's capitulation, and surrendered on the same terms. Twenty-six of them, carpenters by trade, had been detained at Victoria by order of Colonel Holzinger, to assist in building bridges for the transport of the artillery across the river. On the seventh day came a hundred more prisoners, who had just landed at Copano from New York, under the command of Colonel Miller, and had been captured by the Mexican cavalry. The rations were still scanty, and given but at long intervals; and the starving Texians continued their system of barter, urged to it by the pangs of hunger, and by the Mexican soldiers, who told them that they were to be shot in a day or two, and might as well part with whatever they had left, in order to render their last hours more endurable. This cruel assurance, however, the prisoners did not believe. They were sanguine of a speedy return to the States, and impatiently awaited the arrival of an order for their shipment from Santa Anna, who was then at St. Antonio, and to whom news of the capitulation had been sent. General Urrea had marched from Goliad immediately after their surrender, only leaving sufficient troops to guard them, and had crossed the Guadalupe without opposition. Santa Anna's order at last came, but its purport was far different from the anticipated one. We resume our extracts from Mr. Ehrenberg's narrative:—

The eighth morning of our captivity dawned, and so great were our sufferings, that we had resolved, if some change were not made in our condition, to free ourselves by force, or die in the attempt, when a rumor spread that a courier from Santa Anna had arrived during the night. This inspired us with fresh hopes, and we trusted that the hour of our deliverance at last approached. At eight o'clock in the morning an officer entered our

place of confinement, carrying Santa Anna's order in his hand, of the contents of which, however, he told us nothing, except that we were immediately to march away from Goliad. Whether we were to go to Copano or Matamoras, we were not informed. We saw several pieces of cannon standing pointed against our enclosure, the artillerymen standing by them with lighted matches, and near them was drawn up a battalion of infantry in parade uniform, but coarse and ragged enough. The infantry had no knapsacks or baggage of any kind; but at the time I do not believe that one of us remarked the circumstance, as the Mexican soldiers in general carry little or nothing. For our part, we required but a very short time to get ready for the march, and in a few minutes we were all drawn up, two deep, with the exception of Colonel Miller's detachment, which was quartered outside the fort. Fanning and the other wounded men, the doctor, his assistants, and the interpreters, were also absent. They were to be sent later to New Orleans, it was believed, by a nearer road.

After the names had been called over, the order to march was given, and we filed out through the gate of the fortress, the Greys taking the lead. Outside the gate we were received by two detachments of Mexican infantry, who marched along on either side of us, in the same order as ourselves. We were about four hundred in number, and the enemy about seven hundred, not including the cavalry, of which numerous small groups were scattered about the prairie. We marched on in silence, not however in the direction we had anticipated, but along the road to Victoria. This surprised us; but upon reflection we concluded that they were conducting us to some eastern port, thence to be shipped to New Orleans, which, upon the whole, was perhaps the best and shortest plan. There was something, however, in the profound silence of the Mexican soldiers, who were usually uncensuring chatters, that inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety. It was like a funeral march, and truly might it so be called. Presently I turned my head to see if Miller's people had joined and were marching with us. But, to my extreme astonishment, neither they nor Fanning's men, nor the Georgia battalion, were to be seen. They had separated us without our observing it, and the detachment with which I was marching consisted only of the Greys and a few Texian colonists. Glancing at the escort, their full dress uniform and the absence of all baggage, now for the first time struck me. I thought of the bloody scenes that had occurred at Tampico, San Patricio, and the Alamo, of the false and cruel character of those in whose power we were, and I was seized with a presentiment of evil. For a moment I was about to communicate my apprehensions to my comrades; but hope, which never dies, again caused me to take a more cheering view of our situation. Nevertheless, in order to be prepared for the worst, and in case of need, to be unencumbered in my movements, I watched my opportunity; and threw away amongst the grass of the prairie a bundle containing the few things that the thievish Mexicans had allowed me to retain.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since our departure from the fort, when suddenly the command was given in Spanish to wheel to the left, leaving the road; and, as we did not understand the order, the officer himself went in front to show us the way, and my companions followed without taking any particular notice of the change of direction.



To our left ran a muskeet hedge, five or six feet in height, at right angles with the river St. Antonio, which flowed at about a thousand paces from us, between banks thirty or forty feet high, and of which banks the one on the nearer side of the river rose nearly perpendicularly out of the water. We were marched along the side of the hedge towards the stream, and suddenly the thought flashed across us, "Why are they taking us in this direction?" The appearance of a number of lancers, cantering about in the fields on our right, also startled us; and just then the foot-soldiers, who had been marching between us and the hedge, changed their places, and joined those of their comrades who guarded us on the other side. Before we could divine the meaning of this manœuvre, the word was given to halt. It came like a sentence of death; for at the same moment that it was uttered, the sound of a volley of musketry echoed across the prairie. We thought of our comrades and of our own probable fate.

"Kneel down!" now burst in harsh accents from the lips of the Mexican commander.

No one stirred. Few of us understood the order, and those who did would not obey. The Mexican soldiers, who stood at about three paces from us, levelled their muskets at our breasts. Even then we could hardly believe that they meant to shoot us; for if we had, we should assuredly have rushed forward in our desperation, and, weaponless though we were, some of our murderers would have met their death at our hands. Only one of our number was well acquainted with Spanish, and even he seemed as if he could not comprehend the order that had been given. He stared at the commanding-officer as if awaiting its repetition, and we stared at him, ready, at the first word he should utter, to spring upon the soldiers. But he seemed to be, as most of us were, impressed with the belief that the demonstration was merely a menace, used to induce us to enter the Mexican service. With threatening gesture and drawn sword, the chief of the assassins again ejaculated the command to kneel down. The sound of a second volley, from a different direction with the first, just then reached our ears, and was followed by a confused cry, as if those at whom it had been aimed, had not all been immediately killed. Our comrade, the one who understood Spanish, started from his momentary lethargy, and boldly addressed us.

"Comrades!" cried he, "you hear that report, that cry! There is no hope for us—our last hour is come! Therefore, comrades—!"

A terrible explosion interrupted him—and then all was still. A thick cloud of smoke was wreathing curling towards the St. Antonio. The blood of our lieutenant was on my clothes, and around me lay my friends, convulsed by the last agony. I saw nothing more. Unhurt myself, I sprang up, and, concealed by the thick smoke, fled along the side of the hedge in the direction of the river, the noise of the water for my guide. Suddenly a blow from a heavy sabre fell upon my head, and from out of the smoke emerged the form of a little Mexican lieutenant. He aimed a second blow at me, which I parried with my left arm. I had nothing to risk, but everything to gain. It was life or death. Behind me a thousand bayonets, before me the almost powerless sword of a coward. I rushed upon him, and with true Mexican valor, he fled from an unarmed man. On I went, the river rolled at my feet, the soldiers were shouting and yelling

behind. "Texas forever!" cried I, and without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water. The bullets whistled round me as I swam slowly and wearily to the other side, but none wounded me. Our poor dog, who had been with us all through the campaign, and had jumped into the river with me, fell a last sacrifice to Mexican cruelty. He had reached the middle of the stream, when a ball struck him, and he disappeared.

Whilst these horrible scenes were occurring in the prairie, Colonel Fanning and his wounded companions were shot and bayoneted at Goliad, only Doctor Thackelford and a few hospital aids having their lives spared, in order that they might attend on the wounded Mexicans. Besides Mr. Ehrenberg, but three of the prisoners at Goliad ultimately escaped the slaughter.

Having crossed the St. Antonio, Mr. Ehrenberg struck into the high grass and thickets, which concealed him from the pursuit of the Mexicans, and wandered through the prairie, guiding himself, as best he might, by sun and stars, and striving to reach the river Brazos. He lost his way, and went through a variety of striking adventures, which, with some characteristic sketches of Texian life and habits, of General Sam Houston and Santa Anna, and a spirited account of the battle of St. Jacinto, at which, however, he himself was not present, fill up the remainder of his book. Of one scene, between Houston and his army, we will make a final extract:—

It was the latter end of March, and the army of Texian militia, under Houston, which had increased to about thirteen hundred men, was assembled on the banks of the Colorado river. One messenger after another had arrived, bringing news that had converted them into perfect cannibals, thirsting after Mexican blood. The murder of Grant and his horsemen, that of Johnson and King with their detachments; the unaccountable disappearance of Ward, who was wandering about in the prairie; and finally, Horton's report of the capture of the unfortunate Fanning: all these calamities, in conjunction with the fall of the Alamo, had raised the fury of the backwoodsmen to such a pitch, that they were neither to hold nor bind, and nobody but Sam Houston would have been able to curb them.

The old general sat upon a heap of saddles; and in a circle round a large fire, sat or stood, leaning upon their rifles, the captains of the militia. The whole group was surrounded by a grumbling crowd of backwoodsmen. The dark fiery eyes of the officers, nearly all tall and powerful figures, glanced alternately at the flames and at old Sam, who was the only calm person present. Slowly taking a small knife from his waistcoat pocket, he opened it, produced a huge piece of Cavendish, cut off a quid, shoved it between his upper lip and front teeth, and handed the tobacco to his nearest neighbor. This was a gigantic captain, the upper part of whose body was clothed in an Indian hunting coat, his head covered with what had once been a fine beaver hat, but of which the broad brim now flapped down over his ears, whilst his strong muscular legs were wrapped from knee to ankle in thick crimson flannel, a precaution against the thorns of the muskeet-trees not unfrequently adopted in the west. His bullet-pouch was made out of the head of a leopard, in which eyes of red cloth had been inserted, to bring out, by contrast, the beauty of the skin, and was suspended from a strap of brown untanned deer-hide. With an ex-

pression of great bitterness, the backwoodsman handed the tobacco to the man next to him; and it passed on from hand to hand, untasted by any one—a sign of uncommon excitement amongst the persons there assembled. When the despised Cavenish had gone the round, the old general stuck it in his pocket again, and continued the conference, at the same time whittling a stick with perfect coolness and unconcern.

"Yes," said he, "I tell you that our affairs look rather ticklish—can't deny it—but that is the only thing that will bring the people to their senses. Santa Anna may destroy the colonies, but it won't be Sam Houston's fault. Instead of at once assembling, the militia stop at home with their wives—quite comfortable in the chimney-corner—think that a handful of volunteers can whip ten thousand of these half-blood. Quite mistaken, gentlemen—quite mistaken. You see it now—the brave fellows are gone—a scandal it is for us—and the enemy is at our heels. Instead of seeing four or five thousand of our people here, there are thirteen hundred—the others are minding the shop—making journeys to the Sabine. Can't help it, comrades, must retire to the Brazos, into the forests—must be off, and that at once."

"Stop, general, that ain't sense," cried a man, with a cap made out of wild cat's skin; "not a step backwards—the enemy must soon come, and then we'll whip 'em so glorious, that it will be a pleasure to see it; the miserable vampires that they are."

"A fight! a fight!" shouted the surrounding throng. "For Texas, now or never!"

"Sam Houston is not of that opinion, my fine fellows," answered the general, "and it is not his will to fight. Sam will not risk the fate of the republic in a single foolhardy battle. The broad woods of the Brazos shall do us good service. Though you are brave, and willing to risk your lives, it would be small benefit to the country if you lost them. No, my boys, we'll give it to the vermin, never fear; they shall have it, as sure as Sam Houston stands in his own shoes."

"It's impossible for us to go back, general," cried another speaker; "can't be—must at 'em! What, general, our richest plantations lie between the Colorado and the Brazos, and are we to abandon them to these thieves? Old Austin\* would rise out of his grave if he heard the footsteps of the murderers upon the prairie. No, general—must be at them—must conquer or die!"

"Must conquer or die!" was echoed through the crowd; but the old general sat whittling away, as cool as a cucumber, and seemed determined that the next victory he gained should be in his own camp.

"Boys," said he—and he stood up, took another quid, shut his knife, and continued—"Boys, you want to fight—very praiseworthy indeed—your courage is certainly very praiseworthy;—but suppose the enemy brings artillery with him, can you, will you, take the responsibility of giving battle before our tardy fellow-citizens come up to reinforce us? How will you answer it to your consciences, if the republic falls back under the Mexican yoke, because an undisciplined mob would not wait the favorable moment for a fight? No, no, citizens—we must retire to the Brazos, where our rifles will give us the advantage; whilst here we should

have to charge the enemy, who is five times our strength, in the open prairie. Don't doubt your courage, as you call it—though it's only foolhardiness—but I represent the republic, and am answerable to the whole people for what I do. Can't allow you to fight here. Once more I summon you to follow me to San Felipe, and all who wish well to Texas will be ready in an hour's time. Every moment we may expect to see the enemy on the other side of the river. Once more then—to the banks of the Brazos!"

The old general walked off to his tent, and the crowd betook themselves to their fires, murmuring and discontented, and put their rifles in order. But in an hour and a half, the Texian army left their camp on the Colorado. Sam Houston had prevailed, and the next evening he and his men reached San Felipe, and, without pausing there, marched up the river. On the 30th March the first squadron of the enemy showed itself near San Felipe. The inhabitants abandoned their well-stored shops and houses, set fire to them with their own hands, and fled across the river. The Mexicans entered the town, and their rage was boundless when, instead of a rich booty, they found heaps of ashes. Houston had now vanished, and his foes could nowhere trace him, till he suddenly, and of his own accord, reappeared upon the scene, and fell on them like a thunderbolt, amply refuting the false and base charge brought against him by his enemies, that he had retreated through cowardice. But to this day, it is a riddle to me how he managed to reduce to obedience the unruly spirits he commanded, and to induce them to retreat across the Brazos to Buffalo Bayou. Of one thing I am certain—only Sam Houston could have done it; no other man in the republic.

Mr. Ehrenberg escaped from all his perils in time to share the rejoicings of the Texans at the final evacuation of the country by the Mexican army. And certainly they had cause for exultation, not only at being rid of their cruel and semi-barbarous oppressors, but in the persevering gallantry they had displayed throughout the whole campaign, during which many errors were committed and many lives uselessly sacrificed, but of which the close was nevertheless so glorious to those engaged in it. Unskilled in military tactics, without discipline or resources, the stubborn courage of a handful of American backwoodsmen proved an overmatch for Santa Anna and his hosts, and the fairest and freshest leaf of the Mexican cactus was rent from the parent stem, never to be reunited.\*

WORKS OF THE ENGLISH PURITAN DIVINES.—Wiley & Putnam have just issued an exceedingly neat edition of some of the minor works of John Bunyan—it is for sale by Jordan & Wiley. The volume contains "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved," "The Pharisee and the Publican," "The Trinity and a Christian," "The Law and a Christian," and some smaller pieces. It also includes a short life of the author, by Rev. James Hamilton. Considered as a mere book, the one under notice is the prettiest and most convenient of the cheap issues of the year. It is neatly bound and well printed, and it has the one great advantage of books not intended for rebinding, of the leaves being cut ready for reading. A similar edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," would sell well.—*Boston Post*.

\* The founder of the American colonies in Texas, and father of Stephen F. Austin.

\* The arms of Mexico are a cactus, with as many leaves as there are states of the republic.

From the Athenæum.

## SALE OF BOOKS AND MSS. OF THE POET GRAY.

A LARGE parcel of books, a portion of the library of the poet Gray, and several very interesting MSS., including an early copy of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," in the poet's handwriting, were sold on Saturday and Monday last, by the Messrs. Evans, in their new rooms, New Bond street. Gray bequeathed his books and manuscripts to Mason, the poet, his friend, executor and biographer. Mason, it appears, bequeathed them to his curate, a Mr. Bright, and by Mr. Bright's sons, it is understood, they were now dispersed.

A great deal of interest was excited by this sale. The autograph of Gray has long been very scarce. There were, therefore, many candidates anxious to possess a volume, a poem, or a letter. We need hardly add, that they sold excessively dear—beyond the reach, indeed, of ordinary purchasers. We were somewhat disappointed, we must confess, at first sight, with the outside appearance of the poet's library. Gray had been, we were led to expect from the prim fastidiousness of his dress and manners, a kind of dandy in his books. Prior, at St. John's, was, we know, a dandy in this matter. Gray, on the contrary, was very careless. Roger Payne or Kalthoeber had never worked, it was evident, for the recluse of Pembroke College. Many of his books were very ordinary copies:

Refuse of stalls, and gleanings of Duck Lane.

Many wanted their outside letterings—others were cropped to the quick, and there was not a book in the whole collection but would have horrified Dr. Dibdin, or would have stood the test of Mr. Miller's rule. The books in Pembroke College Library are not much better, and Gray would appear to have caught a love for dingy exteriors from the library of his last retreat. We were soon, however, induced to forget the squalid condition of the poet's volumes by their inside attractiveness. Gray was a most beautiful penman—his style of writing was neat in the extreme, worthy of Cocker or Davies of Hereford. Pope printed better, and Ben Johnson wrote a smaller though not a neater hand. Several of his books were crowded with side notes. He wrote, we are told, with a crow pen, and the particular fineness of his writing bears out the statement. We were pleased to see some of his Eton books, with *Thomas Gray, Eton, 1733*, written within, in the large round hand of a school-boy. Here, too, was his mother's dark blue morocco psalm book, with her name, *Dorothy Gray*, on the fly leaf, in her own handwriting. This was a volume rich with associations. Nothing in the history of filial affection can well exceed Gray's fondness for his mother, and she well deserved his love. He never mentioned her name, we are told by Mason, without a sigh, and her epitaph, by her son—a poetic composition in prose—is one of the shortest and most touching epitaphs in our language. She was, he says, the careful, tender mother of many children, "one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

Gray's copy of Shakspeare was Theobald's duodecimo edition, of 1740, in eight volumes. Charles Lamb preferred Rowe's edition, for the sake of the bad plates, which served as marks to particular passages. Gray had adopted Pope's plan, of marking beautiful passages with inverted commas

—and his notes were chiefly marks of admiration, or accidental resemblances to particular poets. The Shakspeare, notwithstanding the circumstance that the second volume was wanting, sold for 12*l.* 12*s.* The poet's edition of Milton was one of Tonson's printing, in two duodecimo volumes. It was interleaved, and half-bound, and in a very dingy state. This sold for 33*l.*; it was evidently an Eton book, and an old favorite in his riper years. His "*Linnaei Systema Naturæ*," two volumes in three, interleaved, with very numerous MS. notes, and beautiful pen and ink drawings of birds and insects, sold for forty guineas. Cole tells us, in his MS. memoranda in the Museum, that whenever he called on Gray he had Linnaeus' works, interleaved, always before him." Dodsley's "*London*," in six volumes octavo, a poor book, to be picked up on a stall for half a guinea, sold for fifteen guineas. His notes exhibited a very general knowledge of his subject; but the book they were written in has no other recommendation than a pretty complete list of subjects, and a wide margin. Gray, like Walpole, was fond of London localities—he had annotated with care a copy of Strype's own edition of Stow, in two volumes folio, 1720—but the notes, such as we saw, were chiefly drawn from printed authorities—a few, however, were from personal observation, and all were in excellent taste. We may add, that Pennant had the use of an interleaved copy of "*London and its Environs*," with notes by Mr. Gray, and owns himself indebted to the papers of the poet "for many corrections and observations on the antiquities of London."

Gray, like Warburton, was a very careful reader of Lord Clarendon's History. Warburton's notes have found a place in the 1826 edition of Clarendon, and they well deserved publication, for Warburton had gone deeply into the literature and party pamphlets of that interesting period. We can hardly say as much for Gray's annotations—they are of a very general description, chiefly referential and genealogical. They show no insight into character—nothing drawn from MS. sources or scarce authorities. We can hardly conceive with what particular object he could have written so frequently, so neatly, and so laboriously on the margins. For his own information they could not have been drawn up—for surely Gray could never require a note either to inform or reinforce him that the noble character of Lord Pembroke in the history was drawn for William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, the brother of Philip Herbert Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, yet there was a note, we observed, to this effect.

Gray was as fond of art as he was of poetry and natural history. Here were his copies of Vertue's printed Catalogues of the Royal Collection of Pictures in the time of the Stuarts. The notes, however, were neither numerous nor valuable. The copy of "*Kennedy's Account of the Pictures and Marbles at Wilton House*," was rich in notes, and, if we may judge from the sum it realized, 14*l.*, and the name of the purchaser, the Hon. Sydney Herbert, they were interesting. You may buy the printed book for a shilling or eighteenpence. Gray drew very neatly. "This book," says Mason, "contains a few attempts in drawing by Mr. Gray when a boy: they prove him to have an accurate eye, which might have carried him much further in the art had he pursued it." Cowper and Thomson both drew a little—Pope painted in oils, and Mason himself etched a portrait of Gray.



The poet's own MSS. were, after all, the chief treasures of the sale. We are perhaps safe in asserting that there is no poem in the English language so well and widely known as the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," a MS. copy, in the poet's own handwriting, drew many bidders. Mr. Edward Jesse, the well-known naturalist, was authorized by Eton College, (Gray's own College, to give the sum of *fifty guineas* for the MS., and some were found to assert that it was actually knocked down to the college for that amount. Such, indeed, seemed to be the fact, but the purchase (if it was one) was overruled, and the biddings went on till it was finally knocked down for the sum of 100*l.* Mr. Penn. of Stoke-Pogeis, is said to be the purchaser. Stoke-Pogeis churchyard, our readers will remember, is said to have suggested the Elegy, and is, moreover, the churchyard in which the poet himself is buried. 100*l.* was a large sum, for the MS. in question was not the first rough draft of the poem—each stanza, it is thought, went through a variety of brushings, prunings and amendings. The Elegy was no more thrown off at a heat than *Hudibras*, and we know by what process of elaboration Butler worked. Gray was a slow writer—and there was, in all probability, several foul copies before the copy sold. One variation from the printed text was extremely curious:

Some mute inglorious *Tully* here may rest,  
Some *Cæsar* guiltless of his country's blood.

Tully and Cæsar were classic importations into a country churchyard, quite out of keeping in an English Elegy, so we now read—

Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,  
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.

There can be but one opinion, that this was an alteration for the better.

Next in point of importance, if *price* be any test, was an annotated copy, by Gray, of the Strawberry Hill edition of his two odes, "The Bard," and "The Progress of Poesy." This we had not time to examine very attentively—but if we are to judge of its *copyright* importance by the account in the catalogue, it deserved to sell for very little. The notes are well known—they are printed in Mitford's edition of Gray, and, we believe, elsewhere. The annotated odes produced, notwithstanding, 100*l.* A MS. copy of the "Long Story," with a complimentary note to the poet from Miss Speed, of Stoke-Pogeis (the *Lady Austen* of the poem,) realized 45*l.* This, too, we believe, was bought by Mr. Penn. A MS. copy of the ode on the "Installation of the Duke of Grafton," sold for 11*l.*; and a MS. copy of his "Fatal Sisters" for the same sum. The original of one of his printed letters to West, containing an *unprinted* translation from Propertius, brought 11*l.* 5*s.* The original MS. of the printed letter to West, containing a translation from Statius, of 110 lines, of which 27 alone have appeared in print, sold for 28*l.* Two of his letters to Dr. Wharton, and an *unpublished* copy of satirical verses (full of wit and humor) on the heads of houses at Cambridge, brought 31*l.* 10*s.* A small parcel of papers relating to his intended History of English Poetry—and a transcript from Gawain Douglas, brought 10*l.* Three small pen-and-ink drawings, and *four* insects painted on vellum, with all the fidelity of a naturalist, and much of the art of an engraver, brought 10*l.* A letter to Stonehewer, and three copies of verses, including an epitaph on a child, in verse,

properly rejected by Mason, brought 40*l.* Seven small paper Note Books, containing memoranda made during his several tours, sold for 30*l.* An interesting letter, *unpublished*, giving an account of the ceremonies and proceedings in Westminster Hall at the coronation of George III., sold for 7*l.*, and *forty* letters, all *unpublished*, addressed to his friend and executor the Rev. James Brown, president of Pembroke Hall, sold at the rate of 3*l.* 5*s.* a piece—rather a high price, for his name was not signed to any of them—a few had his initials, and the rest were without a signature of any kind—yet they had one and all passed through the post. Gray, it is well known, was a timid man—he had humor and wit, and at times the inclination to write severely—he knew, moreover, his skill, and he often exercised it.

## JOHN WICLIF.

From out that midnight, so dark and deep,  
A voice cried, Ho, awaken!  
And the sleepers aroused themselves from sleep,  
And the thrones of the earth were shaken.

DELTA.

A STERN yet glorious task was thine,  
Thou lion-hearted champion!  
To wage, array'd with strength divine,  
A mortal fight with sin alone.  
To speak God's holy mandate out,  
Alike before the rack and throne;  
And down oppression's rabble shout  
In conscious truth's majestic tone.  
Chosen in evil times to be  
The advocate of God with man,  
Thy stirring voice rang fearlessly  
In danger's grim and threat'ning van;  
As sounds of warning, eloquent,  
Before a host's advancing path;  
Or strong winds through the darkness sent,  
Prophetic of the tempest's wrath.  
Thou didst not quail at power's frown,  
Thou didst not shrink when ghostly pride  
With maniac zeal, was bearing down  
Its tens of thousands at thy side;  
Calm, firm, resolved, thy dauntless soul  
Still bore thee on, whate'er might be,  
Triumphant over earth's control,  
To more than earthly victory.  
To rescue truth oppress'd—to break  
The spiritual despot's rod;  
To bid the slumb'ring mind awake—  
Such were thine arms, bold man of God!  
What were thy trials! Chains and scorn—  
The ruler's rage, the people's sneer.  
What thy rewards! Reproaches, borne  
In threats and curses to thine ear.  
And what thy triumphs! Is there traced  
No record on the page of time?  
Is that bright registry effaced  
Of holy strength and faith sublime?  
No! thou art fitly honor'd now  
Among the excellent of earth;  
And strong hearts leap forth to avow  
Thy Christian nobleness and worth.  
For human praise thou didst not ask.  
O glorious and victor one!  
And God, for the gigantic task,  
Gave strength through his eternal Son.  
The Rock of Ages, firm abreast,  
Thou stood'st in perils and alarms;  
And calmly amidst all didst rest  
Upon the Everlasting Arms.

[From the New York Review, and from the same writer to whom we are indebted for the article on Jay, (the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D.) is this article on Hamilton. His venerable widow has asked Congress to publish her husband's papers, as it did those of Mr. Madison; and we hope our republication may help to the attainment of this public good.]

*The Life of Alexander Hamilton. By his Son, JOHN C. HAMILTON. New York. Vol. I., Halstead and Voorhies, 1834. Vol. II., D. Appleton and Co., 1840. 8vo., pp. 422—563.*

NEXT to Washington's, stands the name of Hamilton on the roll of American fame and in its demands on the gratitude of his country. We, at least, have grown gray in that faith, and the events of every succeeding day serve but to confirm our early and unchanged creed. The working of the political institutions of our country, whether for good or evil, has never ceased to indicate a prophetic mind in Hamilton. Even now do we find the vital strength of our union to lie where his far-seeing eye beheld it, and its weaknesses and dangers to arise where he predicted them and labored against them. And if our union has survived past shocks, and is competent to endure yet harder ones, and destined moreover, as we trust, to grow up into enduring greatness, and to become a model to the old world as well as a blessing to the new, we hold such result to be in no small degree due to the conservative spirit infused into it at its formation and in its early progress by the governing mind of Hamilton. In the expression of this sentiment, we are fully cleared from any charge of prejudice by the impartial yet equally favorable judgment of a highly philosophic foreigner and historian—one who, beyond, perhaps, all other European writers, has most deeply studied our history, our government, and the lives of its great founders. "Hamilton," says Guizot, in his late work on the character of Washington, "must be classed among the men who have best known the vital principles and the fundamental conditions of a government—not of a government such as this, (France,) but of a government worthy of its mission and of its name. There is not in the constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, or of duration, which he has not powerfully contributed to introduce into it and caused to predominate."

Of such a man, an adequate biography is obviously a task of no slight labor, of no private bearing, and of no temporary influence. It is, on the contrary, a work of national interest and national magnitude, and, rightly executed, a national blessing; for it forms, we may say, and will continue in all coming time to form, part of the natural heritage and birthright of all who live under the shadow of the American constitution—that constitution which Hamilton labored to found and lived but to interpret. It is their birthright, we say, and it will be their duty to become duly instructed in the life-labors and living principles of him whom we may not fear to name—if to any, such name may be appropriated—as its earliest and most zealous advocate, its most eminent framer, most eloquent defender, soundest expositor, and ablest practical statesman. It is in this light that we look at the life of Hamilton—as a national work and a people's study; and shall do our endeavor so to impress it on the minds of our readers. It is a boon that has been long promised to the American public and long delayed—we doubt

not for sufficient reasons. Of these, some are already made evident in the volume more immediately before us. Others will doubtless appear as the work proceeds into its more debatable and personal questions.

For the present, then, we have two volumes in our hands, bringing down the narrative to what may well be termed the *hinge* question of Hamilton's whole life—the adoption of the federal constitution; for out of it, and the discussions it gave rise to, arose that life-long struggle with the spirit of party to which, eventually, it may be said, he fell a victim. The remaining two volumes, it is understood, are soon forthcoming, and the Hamilton papers also in a state of forward preparation. We congratulate our countrymen upon this prospect. Their non-appearance has long constituted the great "hiatus" in our constitutional history, so that with them we may hold our national annals to be complete. In the mean time, we turn thankfully to what we have—to the biography thus far given, and to the great political lessons it not only affords but inculcates.

The life of Hamilton is indeed a theme that rewards while it demands the highest talents of the biographer. It may be in truth a work, as we think it to be, not without its difficulties; but it certainly is not without its recompense. To be permitted thus to trace, step by step, the path of glory, is in itself a glorious career; and to be familiarly conversant for months and years, as his biographer must be, with the outpourings of such a mind, is like living in intimate communion with the man himself, and can hardly be without its inspiring influence. Seldom, indeed, has an artist richer materials to work with than he who builds up the monument of Hamilton's fame. His pre-eminent powers of intellect, his forecasting wisdom, his fearless principles, his impassioned eloquence, the soldier's pride and the woman's tenderness, that made up, as it were, the warp and woof of his nature; the services he rendered to his country, the persecution he sustained from party, the career of true honor he ran as a patriot and a citizen even from the days of his unprotected "stranger" boyhood; and, to close all, the unworthy blow under which he fell, yielding, even against his own most solemn convictions, to the call of false honor, paralyzed, perhaps, in the struggle, under the remembrance of a son's permitted and fatal choice—these all are as jewels in the hand of his biographer, and, as into the statue of Olympian Jove, may they be wrought, whereon the true artist may also write the *eternal* of his own immortality.

"Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum."

Were the work in any other than filial hands, we might venture to say we envied the artist. As it is, we can only bid him, "God speed," and say we rejoice that *pious* hands have at length assumed the task so long delayed, so often vainly promised, of the LIFE OF HAMILTON. The filial pen will but become in it a new element of interest. We, at least, as American critics, shall feel proud to proclaim that the same blood courses in the veins of him who fought and him who records the fight of our political and constitutional freedom, and that "wager of battle" has been worthily done by the son for the honor of his father's shield. If completed as it has been begun, with the same care, fidelity and skill, this biography will be,

what it ought to be, a national work; and, although home affection may sometimes speak forth in its pious care to wipe off from what it so much reverences even the shade of the shadow of a stain, still will it be found in the end but to have given greater completeness to the work, and a deeper interest to the narrative, and a more thorough research than strangers would have given into the requisite authorities for the completing of a task which it had taken up not only in admiration but in love.

The form into which Mr. Hamilton has chosen to cast the life of his father is that of a full documentary personal narrative. In this, we think he has chosen wisely; for *himself*, as preferring fame to popularity; for *his country*, as inducing familiarity with its history by the attractions of personal story. To combine the interest of biography with the instruction of history, is the "beau ideal" of such a work. To make the individual life the thread of national events, giving to scattered facts unity, place, and order, and binding them upon treacherous memory through the links of personal interest,—this is the practical problem, so far as regards the form of the work which Mr. Hamilton has undertaken, and, we may add, has reasonably solved.

His *first* volume (to speak of them apart, as of different dates before the public) contains the boyhood and youth of Hamilton, together with his military career down to the close of the revolutionary contest. Of this volume, as already stamped with public approbation, we would only say, that it is a highly spirited and interesting picture of the power of unprotected genius to carve out its own path and to gain its true level, more especially in such stirring times as these were. Had Hamilton perished in that struggle, his name would still have been one (in a better sense than Johnson uttered it)

"To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

even to awaken in the minds of all, honorable ambition, and to bear up the fainting courage of the young, the talented, and the persevering, under whatever odds of fortune they might be summoned to contend. Never, perhaps, was a youth of twenty called to bear a weightier or more precious load of honor than was Hamilton in his secretaryship during the war, as the chosen and trusted depositary of the secrets of Washington. Seldom has such elevation been more rapid, seldom from a position of less claim, and never surely was it more worthily borne. In such a picture of early wisdom and youthful honor, standing forth as a pillar of the nation's safety in its periods of greatest peril, there is something touching, we might almost say, sublime, and certainly in fine keeping with the conception an artist would form of the *infant* republic yet struggling with serpents in its cradle. The national picture, too, as presented in this volume, notwithstanding all the perilous sacrifices and sufferings of the revolutionary contest, or rather through means of them, is still a bright and ennobling scene. It is the *heroic* age of our country, not to say that of demigods, and wants but a Homer worthily to sing it. All, indeed, were not then patriots. Had it been so, those who were would have wanted one element of their greatness. But there were yet *many*, many united and willing hearts, in the camp and in the cabinet, whom neither danger nor suffering could appal, nor treachery nor despair drive from their steadfast and onward course.

Throughout the gloom, these stand forth as pillars of light, and *their* path it is now the pride of the American historian to trace and to contemplate.

The *second* volume is conversant with a still darker period of our history. The buoyant hopes of victory and national greatness which had borne up the soldier and the patriot through all their toils, and which appeared so bright in the distance, faded as men approached them, and vanished when they attempted to grasp them. Peace came to the country, but not with it prosperity; and victory, but bringing discord in its train. It was exhaustion without repose, or rather the restlessness of a tempest gone by; movement without guidance, like the after swell that submerges many a gallant vessel that has weathered the storm. Such was the condition of the now triumphant states. No longer bound together by external pressure, they fell apart like an unsupported pillar of sand, or rather insulated themselves like repelling electricities. This may well be termed the transition period of our history—the second in its national development. Its primary one had passed to its dissolution. Its matured form of constitutional vigor had not yet arrived. The interval was one of transition and change—an age of unorganized and spasmodic effort—the chrysalis, maturing for its new life and laboring to burst through its cerements. They were times (to drop the figure) in which the patriot everywhere looked on the scene around him without comfort, into the future (saving a few ardent spirits) without hope, and on the colonial condition they had left almost with a feeling of regret.

Such were the five years of sorrow and shame beginning with the close of the contest in 1782 and extending to the adoption of the constitution in 1787. Of all portions of our national story, it is the least known, and yet the one most deserving to be carefully studied—the least attractive to the reader, but to the citizen the most instructive page of our history. To states as well as individuals, years of sorrow are years of wisdom; and from the thoughtful perusal of these before us, no American reader can rise other than a wiser citizen and a firmer patriot.

"Whatever," says Mr. Hamilton, "might be the future resources of this nation, whatever were the capacities of the people, America now presented an unrelieved picture of anarchy and disunion. Her public engagements had nearly all been violated, her private resources appeared either to be exhausted or could not be called into action; and while the individual states were pursuing measures of mutual hostility and detriment, the confederation was powerless over their laws, powerless over public opinion."—p. 336.

Nor was this all:

"The general relaxation of morals, an usual and most lamentable concomitant of war, was attended with a prevailing disregard of, and disposition to question the decisions of the courts. In the political speculations to which the revolution had given rise, the sovereignty of the popular will, which was recognized as the basis of every proceeding, was pushed to its utmost extremes in its application; and wherever the operation of the laws bore hard in the then unsettled relations of society, to recur to the elementary principles of government, and resolve every rule by its apparent adaptation to individual convenience, was the prevailing tendency of public opinion."—p. 255.

Through this overshadowing darkness, we still



see glimpses here and there as of the coming day—struggles of strong minds rising partially out of the gloom, mastering, in idea at least, the elements of confusion, and gradually maturing chaos for the birth of order—until at length, when it would seem the “full time was come,” and that at a moment when every wise man began to despair, we see government bursting forth out of anarchy, and a peaceful empire springing up out of the very bowels of discord; though, as in physical nature, not without agony and convulsion to the body that bore it. It would seem, indeed, as if nations, like the units that compose them, could not be born without throes that threaten life; and among the other wise lessons the thoughtful mind may here learn, is the high and trustful faith that the birth of nations, like unto mortal birth, is watched over and guided by a wiser and more skilful hand than that of man.

But we must refer our readers to the volume itself for the forcible and fearful moral it teaches of the wretchedness resulting from a weak and imperfect confederation of states. It is one, we repeat, from which the American who contemplates it will learn wisdom; for he will learn to prize beyond all former estimate the value of the Union we now enjoy, which alone has redeemed us from it, and enabled the American states now for fifty years to present to the world an undivided and unbroken national front,—a girded citadel of strength, instead of scattered fragments of ruin. “A new world,” to use the lofty but appropriate language of our author, “is seen rising into view—a world of hope; and as the great lights that shine upon its morning path appear, the grateful inquiry is, ‘whose were those superior minds that, amid the darkness of a chaotic confederacy, combined the elements of social order and formed them into a vast majestic empire!’” (p. 1.) To this query, with which the volume opens, the volume itself may be considered as furnishing the sufficient answer; and few will doubt, if they ever doubted before, in what rank to place the name of Hamilton.

During the five years here treated of, we find Hamilton appearing as a legislator in the four deliberative bodies that most powerfully determined the future fortunes of the country. These were the congress of the confederation, in 1782 and 1783, which closed the war and ratified the definitive treaty; the convention at Annapolis, in 1786, that laid the foundation of the general convention adopting the constitution; the legislature of the state of New York, in January, 1787, in which was fought the battle of state rights against the definitive treaty; and lastly, the general convention which met at Philadelphia, in May of the same year, and by which the federal constitution was finally formed and adopted. In each of these, we find Hamilton, an influential and safe leader, often originating, always advocating, the highest and best measures of national policy; putting them on their right ground, sustaining them by unanswerable argument, and imparting to them his own statesmanlike tone and character. It was tedious even to enumerate all these his labors. The following, however, may be noted among the chief:

*In the Congress of 1782 and 1783, which sat for eight months,*

The appeasing of the army discontents—the peaceful settlement of their claims—the obtaining for them half pay, while he himself renounced his

own in order that he might plead freely the cause of others.

The organization and improvement of the national revenue—the earliest plan of a national bank—the sinking fund and assumption of the state debts. His labors on the currency question and for a national coinage. The report in answer to Rhode Island, and many other documents and speeches enforcing a more solid and effective union. His influence in guiding the terms of peace, and especially in carrying them into effect. In all these, we find Hamilton's hand not prominent merely, but we may say preëminent.

*Of the Convention at Annapolis, which sat but for a few days, little remains but the result of its labors—its report to the legislatures of the four states it represented, namely, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New York. Of this, Hamilton, though not of the reporting committee, furnished the draught. It was subsequently, however, in the committee's report, modified and weakened, for all its members were not equally with him ripe for a solid and effective union among the states.*

*In the New York legislature of 1787, among other leading measures, are due to him,*

The bankrupt act, and amendment of its criminal code.

The establishment of the state university and its general system of public instruction, then a novel scheme; and above all,

His preëminent influence in carrying into effect the provisions of the definitive treaty in opposition to the dominant party, to many existing state laws, and to strong popular feeling against it.

*In the Convention of 1787, the value of his labors we shall hereafter enlarge upon.*

Throughout this narrative of public events with which Hamilton was connected, the author has interwoven, with no little skill and talent, much of diversified individual interest—sketches of character and personal incident touching both his father and others, his contemporaries. In the department of the delineation of character, we think Mr. Hamilton peculiarly happy; and in questions of high tone, as occasionally exhibiting a touch of hereditary eloquence. Speaking of his father's powers as displayed in the Congress of 1782, he laments, in common with all others, that so little remains to perpetuate the memory of it.

“Of the distinctive features,” says he, “of that commanding and winning eloquence, the wonder and delight of friend and foe, but of which no perfect reports are preserved, a delineation will not now be attempted. It suffices here to observe how deeply his modes of thinking imparted to the proceedings of this body a new tone and character. And those who remark in these pages the sentiments with which he regarded the demands of the army, how solemn his respect for the requirements of justice, how incessant and undespairing his efforts to fulfil them, can best image to themselves with what living touches and thrilling appeals he called up before this senate their accumulated wrongs, and with what deep emotions and almost holy zeal he urged, he enforced, he implored, with all the ardor of his bold and generous nature, an honest fulfilment of the obligations to public faith.”—p. 16.

We have already alluded to Mr. Hamilton's talent in sketching character. The following

passage, introducing the notice of Hancock, may serve as a specimen :

"The actual leader of this party," he observes, "was Samuel Adams; the nominal head, John Hancock. This gentleman was the child of good fortune. It had conferred upon him an importance to which he had not been destined by nature. Limited in his information and narrow in his views, he was content with the influence he had acquired over the less instructed population, in which he was much aided by the exterior graces of manner which adorned this possessor of enormous wealth. Jealous of his superiors, his flatterers were his advisers; hence his great vanity and excessive caprice. He was elected the governor of Massachusetts in 1780, and continued in office until 1785, when he resigned his place, shrinking from the responsibilities of a trying crisis. During his administration, the government lost its dignity, the laws their influence."—p. 351.

Now, we may be wrong in our estimate, but for ourselves, we know not where to find among American writers greater precision of thought or terseness of language than is exhibited here and in many other similar passages. They show a pen that we think wants but the fluency and confidence that practice brings, to rank it high in the peculiar department which it has here chosen.

While on this subject, we would also refer with high praise to his occasional analyses of general topics. For instance, to chapter seventeen, exhibiting the foreign diplomacy of the country preceding as well as subsequent to the definitive treaty; and again, to his noble defence of Jay, and his fearless, straight-forward policy in breaking through that tangled web, the "instructions of congress." Also, to chapter twenty and twenty-one, bearing upon our internal and external relations during the following years. It is no small praise, we think, to any writer to have mastered such dispersed and incongruous elements, and to have given to them, for the benefit of his readers, what in themselves they possessed not, "*lucidus ordo*."

Having thus given our readers some insight into the matter of the volumes before us, we turn now to the consideration of what may be technically termed their argument. This is three-fold :

First, as biography, portraying the character of the man.

Secondly, as constitutional history, assigning to Hamilton his due merit in the formation of the federal constitution; and

Thirdly, as a defensive plea against the old slanders recently renewed in the Madison Papers.

To each of these points we propose to speak in order, under the guidance of the volumes before us; and first, as to the biography. On this point of the portraiture of Hamilton, should we be found to dwell somewhat more at large than perhaps befits the mere critic's part, it is an error, we trust, that will carry with it its own apology in the high traits of character which it develops. Nor only so; but we deem it our duty, more especially in times like the present, swarming with pretenders to the name of patriot and statesman—we deem it wise sometimes to look back upon our earlier and nobler models of what such characters once were. For ourselves, we are great believers in the sympathetic power of greatness and goodness. These

are arts which we hold to be lessons not *taught* unto man, but *imbued* by him; or if by teaching, still one that comes through "the heart and affections rather than the head," making us grow into a likeness of what we love and admire. The well-drawn life of the patriot is therefore a more moving argument for the love of country than any he himself could have offered; and makes not only more, but more sordid converts to the cause. So will it be, we think, with that of Hamilton—next to Washington, the most extraordinary and admirable man of the revolution, and second to none among its heroic, far-sighted, and eloquent statesmen. But we would give a more analytical view of his character.

To us, the peculiar characteristic of Hamilton is found in the perfect union of what, in most men, are contradictory elements—the *union of thought with action, of heart with head, of the ideal with the practical*. He has been sometimes termed the *pen* of the revolution. We would rank him higher, and call him the *THINKER* of that momentous period; and, as such, the man above and beyond his age. He was one in whose mind the possible was ever working as an element of thought, rendering his schemes vast and even sometimes impracticable, but always stamping them as philosophic, just and noble. There was about his plans none of the mire and clay of paltry expediency to defile the hands that should carry them out. They came pure from the mint of a generous and far-seeing nature, and however wanting, as they might be, in the "milling" of policy to pass as a current coin, they were yet always of pure gold, and bore a stamp that gave, and will give them value with the wise and good of every age. They will pass by weight, at least, if not by tale.

We again repeat, therefore, that Hamilton was preëminently the thinker of his age. Thought was the ruling element of his nature, as it was the speaking attribute stamped on his intellectual features. On that thoughtful brow as chiselled by the hand of the sculptor, who, even now, can look without being ready to take up the words of the poet and exclaim,

"Spare me the name!

That lofty brow unlabelled doth proclaim  
The THINKER. Aye, thinker only knew  
To be philosopher and hero too."\*

To such as doubt this peculiar intellectual claim, we recommend the study of the volumes before us. Not a letter, document, professional brief, or even the slightest memorandum from his pen, but bears this stamp. It is not only wise and right thoughts, such as men may have, and give, and take, without being thinkers; but it is wisdom seen springing out of thought; it is the fruit hanging upon the living tree; it is the stream viewed as it bursts from its fountain. It is such wisdom as shines, for instance, throughout Burke's writings—a congenial mind—and that has made *his* name to Englishmen what Hamilton's will one day be to Americans an ORACLE to swear by. It is what its maligners often stigmatize as "metaphysical," "theoretical," "ideal;" but whatever be its name, it is still that which is found in the long run to rule the hearts and minds of men—the *philosophy and the*

\* Epigram of Lessing on the portrait of Frederic the Great.

*eloquence of principles.\** Thus Hamilton, wherever and whatever the contest, is always found standing on "first truths." He is therefore impregnable in his premises—his opponent cannot choose but set out with him—he will not let his hearer drink of the stream until he has tasted of the fountain, and then may he judge safely whether the waters be sweet or bitter.

The result is, that all which Hamilton has left behind him is full of deep philosophy, or, in other words, of perspective wisdom, constituting his writings, in our judgment, a very mine of political science, whence he who digs faithfully will never come home without treasure. Were it only then on this score, we should hold this biography to be a highly valuable addition to the text-books of the American political student, furnishing him, as it does, from a ready-made armory, with "harness of proof" for every elementary contest to which he can be called. However superficial the question, Hamilton's mind is one that ploughs up the under soil, and that so deeply as to startle while it instructs the reader, by bringing up into clear view and immediate contact with the barren sand of the mere occasion, the bright and pregnant principles of all true government and sound policy. Not only, therefore, for its new materials, but also for its fresh influence, do we recommend these volumes to our American youth, as tending to the rarest and most valuable result of all reading over the mind, the transformation, we mean, of the *reader* into the *thinker*. For ourselves, we know not where to turn to the political writer, whether at home or abroad, of our own or past times, who more conclusively than Hamilton masters and settles whatever he touches, bringing each question to its proper case, and each case to its proper tribunal, and each tribunal to its undefeasible rights, and thus, in deciding the *instance*, settling also the *rule*. Such, at least, is our judgment. The time has come and gone for interest in the local questions out of which most of Hamilton's arguments arose; and the time may come when even the momentous revolution in which he labored, nay, even the very union of the states which he lived but to guard, shall be remembered but as facts of history; yet can we *not* conceive that the time *will ever* come when Hamilton's reasonings shall not be found fresh and strong as ever through their trumpet-tongued appeal to those never-dying laws which are the heritage and life-blood of man in every age and under every form of his social condition.

"Such is our heritage of fatherland,

A ray immortal as the parent sun—

That heaven-armed force that can undaunted stand,

Guarding its own eternal garrison."

But in connection with this first, there was a second element, as we noted, that equally penetrated into the depths of Hamilton's nature. It was **HEART** and the energy of **WILL**. "The little lion," his early cognomen, as mentioned by his son, among his familiar friends, is alike the exhi-

bition and the proof of this feature in his character—one which his biographer has rightly seized and well expressed. "Hamilton's great characteristics," says he, "were firmness and gentleness. His spirit was as bold as it was sympathizing. He hated oppression in all its forms, and resisted it in every shape. Governed by the highest principles, with them his lofty nature would admit of no compromise; for he was accustomed to view infractions of them on all their remote consequences. Hence his denunciations of tyranny were universal and unsparing." (p. 272.) It was this "lion-like" fearlessness of heart that infused into the whole of Hamilton's public life that chivalric tone which so prominently marked it. Whether at the bar, in the cabinet, or on the field, he was still the generous foe and the peerless knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*." Wherever wrong was to be redressed or rights vindicated, Hamilton stood foremost. Wherever the strong arm was needed, or the gallant heart, or the eloquent tongue, to smite down the oppressor or to raise up the fallen, the first name invoked by the sufferer was that of Hamilton. It is one of the pleasing characteristic incidents recorded by his son of his professional career, that his very first appearance as an advocate was in defence of one in name a foe, who, having been through the war an adherent to the enemy, had fallen under the heated proscription of the state itself. The trial, too, was held under circumstances sufficient to have daunted a less determined mind, let alone, so inexperienced a pleader—"while the strife of the fierce contest was recent," are the words of his son, "in the midst of a dilapidated and yet disordered city, where all around were beheld the ravages of the invader, in a hall of justice desecrated and marred by the excesses of its late occupants," a licentious soldiery. On one side, was the attorney-general of the state, armed with all its authority to sustain its laws, representing the passions of an inflamed community. \* \* \* On the other, stood Hamilton, resting on the justice of this mighty cause, the good faith of the nation. The result was honorable alike to the court and the advocate. It was the triumph of right over usurpation." (p. 245.) But such noble triumphs were often enjoyed in after life by this dauntless and eloquent pleader. To one celebrated instance his son just glances, (p. 240.) when, in giving the affecting incident of his father's first return to the city of New York, upon its evacuation by the enemy, he says, "cordial were the greetings of this grateful city as it welcomed in its once 'stranger boy,'\* the now powerful advocate of mercy to its apprehensive denizens, hastening to shield them from persecution for the venial offence of mistaken policy." To this touching picture of the vanquished finding their shield where they had dreaded a sword, in the eloquence of their generous enemy, we would add from our knowledge, as its last touch of nobleness, that such advocacy in their defence was an unpaid service; and that, on his return from the seat of the legislature, whither he had hastened as an advocate to defeat an unjust bill that would have brought ruin on the defenceless Tories, he sternly refused from them a purse of some thousand dollars, made up for him in his absence by his grateful but unknown clients—refused it with the noble reply, that "the cause of national honor was not to be paid for." Such anecdote of Hamilton, narrated, as the reviewer

\* "No kind of power," says the philosophic Ranke, in his history of the Popes, "rises into importance which does not repose on the basis of ideas; we may now add, in ideas it finds its limits. The struggles of opinion, which generate great political acts and events, also find their accomplishment in the regions of conviction and thought."



has heard it, with a tearful eye and from paternal lips, may well outweigh, with him at least, both the open tongue of slander and the dark insinuations of jealousy. Such union it is, in Hamilton's public life, of largeness of intellect, with loftiness of sentiment, that makes him "the man" not merely of his own but of every age. It requires no special pleading, no sifting of testimony, to bring out the verdict of mankind on such a character. His merits form no balance sheet of a debtor and creditor's account, that is to be carefully summed up and verified lest we mistake the value of the figures. As his power was never the creature of circumstances, so were his virtues never the fruit of expediency. His strength lay in that which never fails any true man—wisdom that comes out of the heart, that two-edged sword which pierces as well as cuts. It was this "honesty of wisdom," stamped on all that he said or did, that was the secret of that unbounded confidence which Washington, even from the first, ever and everywhere reposed in him. When, for instance, with a young soldier's proud spirit, Hamilton refused to brook, even from the commander-in-chief, in whose family as aid he was resident, a single word of hasty, and, as he deemed, unjust censure, but instantly upon it withdrew from his staff and separated himself from his family, it is a high test that is afforded by the tranquil unbroken confidence of Washington in his retiring and offended aid; the confidence, we say, of a mature and wise chief thus reposing on one little more than a boy in years, altogether a boy in appearance, and who had just displayed what might be fairly interpreted into somewhat too of boyish petulance. Yet, with all this, not a suspicion was awakened in Washington's mind, not a secret withheld, the retention of his port-folio solicited, and but a single day lost even in apparent estrangement. Their agreeing and equal spirits—agreeing, we say, in their very disparity—and equal, though not comparable, as being of different natures, these returned to each other like tallies to their mark or the iron to the magnet; and thus an incident of temper, (whether on one side or both,) that between any other two of that day, or between these same, had there been aught less of calm wisdom in the mind of Washington or of bright honor in the heart of Hamilton, would have been the signal for embittered feelings through life, led with them but to a deeper confidence in each other, and a more abiding friendship. They had probed each other's heart to the quick, and thenceforward *knew* each the other. To such of our readers as have forgotten this passage in the early life of Hamilton, we recommend a reference to it in Mr. Hamilton's first volume, p. 335, and will enjoin them farther to read what immediately precedes it, namely, the noble contest of self-denial between Hamilton and his friend Laurens touching the proffered mission to Europe—a contest in which Hamilton eventually conquered, through the unanswerable argument addressed by him to a son's feelings, the joy which his friend's arrival would give to an aged father, then a prisoner through capture in the tower of London.

But, if we would conclude our article within moderate limits, we must not indulge in farther references. Through life, such we say was Hamilton. He left no man with whom he came in contact in doubt of his opinions, and no honorable man under suspicion of his motives. He was, in truth, one of those whose words *could not* be mis-

taken, for they came warm from the heart, as well as clear from the head. There are doubtless wise men in every age, who, content with *apothegms*, never stumble upon a *sentiment*. But Hamilton was not of them. His sentiments were maxims and his maxims were sentiments. Therefore it was that his arguments were persuasion, and his persuasion argument, and all because with him honor and true policy were convertible terms.

We may be wrong in our philosophy; but we think, farther, that the *universality* of Hamilton's genius, another of his unquestioned peculiarities, was in him, as we think it is in all men wherever found, but the ripened product of this same thorough union of heart and head. Perfection of character we all admit to lie in such amalgamation of reason with feeling. It is but looking, then, at the same truth in another light, to see that all feebleness of character is the result of their one-sided separation, and that universal talent is but the natural fruit of their thorough interpenetration—in other words, that *no faculty of the mind is feeble that has heart in it*. At any rate, whatever may be thought of this psychological reasoning as a general position, Hamilton, at least, illustrated its truth. Whatever he engaged in, he was in it "*totus et teres*." Whether as the soldier, the financier, the jurist, or the advocate, the whole man was there. His heart was in his work, whatever it was, and the result was completeness. As a soldier on the field, indeed, he had but few opportunities. But he panted for them: and if he ever for a moment doubted the sympathy of Washington, it was on this score, that so few were accorded to him. The battles of Morristown and Yorktown, however, showed plainly what was in him of the "lion" on "battle plain." And no man can trace Hamilton's history, or study his character, as here unfolded, without seeing in it all the working elements of a brilliant and successful commander. The former of these volumes is full of striking exhibitions of this soldierlike promptness and nerve. In the present more peaceful one, we would yet refer, in proof, to the lead he took, in the congress of 1783, in the suppression of the mutineers at Philadelphia, as well as to his soldierlike defence of the course there pursued by him, (pp. 224, 225.) To variety was united fertility of talent. In Hamilton, this was another peculiar element of greatness. Whatsoever the demand upon his talents, however great or sudden, it never found him unprepared in adequate resources. His tongue, pen, hand, were all equally prompt as they were, too, equally conclusive. His mind, on such occasions of emergency, flung off its thoughts, whether in speaking or writing, with a rapidity which, though of itself not always an evidence of genius, is its almost universal attendant. His hastiest compositions were, notwithstanding, never immature, for it is also the privilege of genius, or rather, we would say, to speak more practically, of that which Hamilton displayed, and which all men may comparatively attain, the union of disciplined thought with the energetic will—it is the privilege of such, in all practical questions, to jump at once to right conclusions, and to doubt not that the bolt, however suddenly shot, will hit its mark, as issuing from a bow already rightly directed and strongly bent. But we must not enlarge farther on this tempting theme. We proceed, therefore, to our next question, the consideration of our author's volumes:

Secondly, as *constitutional history*, enabling us

to assign to Hamilton his due share in the formation of the federal constitution. Of all disputed questions in our short civil history, this appears to us the one most needlessly entangled—partly by the malice of enemies, but also in no small degree by the apologies of friends. In this category, however, we do not include his son's triumphant defence, which, on the contrary, has not only conclusively refuted the specific charges made against his father's memory, but also nobly vindicated what we regard as the true argument. But speaking historically, the issue of this question has always been taken upon the wrong "count;" and that is, whether Hamilton did or did not strongly advocate in that convention a more energetic and high-toned government than the one eventually adopted. Now this, we say, is a false issue. It is neither the true question, nor conclusive of the true question. Admitting all that party malignity has ever charged against Hamilton—that in those deliberations he did actually appear as an advocate of monarchy—that he did set himself against democratic rotation in office, and was but little satisfied with the result of the labors of the convention—admitting, we say, all this, it might still be that to Hamilton, above all men in that body, was the country then indebted for the blessings of a solid union and an effective government, and the federal constitution then and ever since indebted for its most valuable and efficient provisions. At the bar of party, such charges as the above might be deemed conclusive against his republicanism, and settle the question, as they actually did in popular opinion, and fatally too, by blasting, through such prejudice, his rightful and much-needed influence before his country; but in the settlement of this question as a matter of history, and before the tribunal of an impartial posterity, these same will be found to be not only minor charges, but wholly irrelevant points—inconclusive, even if true in all their exaggeration—but when sifted and reduced to their real value, as by Mr. Hamilton's researches they have here been, not only sinking into utter insignificance as a proof of demerit, but rather becoming weights in the opposite scale, by raising our sense of that fearless candor of spirit there displayed by him, which in its deliberate search after truth dared to place itself where timid and selfish minds are *never* found—in positions open to suspicion and on premises affording a handle to calumnious misinterpretation. That Hamilton was both aware of the risk he ran, and despised it, may be judged from the opening language of the "Federalist." "An enlightened zeal," he observes, "for the energy and efficiency of government, will be stigmatized as the offspring of a temper fond of power and hostile to the principles of liberty. The consciousness of good intentions disdains ambiguity. I shall not, however, multiply professions on this head. My motives must remain in the depository of my own breast; my arguments will be open to all, and may be judged by all. They shall at least be offered in a spirit which will not disgrace the cause of truth."—*Federalist*, No. 1.

Two points lie then before us in the treatment of this question. *First*, to bring to the test of truth and fact the party charges which exhibited Hamilton as the advocate and mover of monarchy in the convention; and *secondly*, to put the question of his share in that great document on what is deemed its true and final historic ground.

On the first point, as being a matter of detail, we must refer our readers, for their full satisfaction, to

the second of Mr. Hamilton's volumes, and more especially to its two concluding chapters. In them they will find for the first time presented to the public full materials for the decision of this long-vexed question, consisting of documentary evidence from the pen of Hamilton himself; among others, the original brief, drawn out at large, of his famous speech, out of which, through imperfect or perverted reports, the charge of "monarchism" primarily arose—a charge, in its first birth, simply of opinions then held by him favorable to monarchy, but soon growing up, as party falsehoods do, into a plan and proposition for the establishment of a monarchy, and finally, of actual secret designs to carry such monarchy into effect.

This lie was the political "incubus," as we may well term it, that through the remainder of Hamilton's life was made, through the power of party, to hang close around his neck, and too often, we may add, to cling heavy upon his heart, as making him conscious that his powers of national usefulness were comparatively withered. It was a monster, we may assert, begotten by the spirit of personal jealousy, nourished with falsehood to suit the ends of faction, subsequently adopted and cherished as the popular war-cry of a rising party, and eventually repeated and reechoed till in the popular estimate it grew into its own justification. But of all this "*diablerie*" there must now be an end. Not only has the age gone by for the voice of party to decide this question; not only have we reached unto the confines of history and entered on the jurisdiction of a higher, purer, and more impartial tribunal; but what is more, we have now before us the materials adequate to root out the original falsehood, and thus to tread under foot both the lie and its results, as well as the jealous malice that dictated it.

How, then, does the matter now stand? From Hamilton's extended brief—his written plans, as well as other documentary evidence—we adduce the following conclusions, which, for the sake of precision, we state numerically, with references:

1. That Hamilton's speech was but a discursive preamble to his actual plan, by which latter document *alone* the question of his practical conclusions is to be tested—*Vide* vol. ii., pp. 481 to 489.
2. That Hamilton never did propose or argue in convention the adoption of a monarchical plan of government like that of England, nor ever put his opposition to other plans on his preference of that model.—*Vide* pp. 543, 550, 552.
3. That his admiration of the British monarchy was but a general and *theoretic* question. As a practical one, he ever held and acknowledged such form of government to be unsuited to the institutions of our country and at variance with the temper and habits of our people.—*Vide* pp. 492, 494, etc.
4. That the highest-toned plan of government there submitted and argued by him consisted of an executive and senate, both chosen by the people, both holding their offices during good behavior, and not reëligible, together with a lower house, renewed by frequent and popular election, on the basis, not of quotas, as proposed by Madison, but of free inhabitants. The choice of the latter was to be made by universal suffrage; in that of the former it was limited.—*Vide* plan, pp. 494 to 507.
5. That so far from Hamilton standing alone in this offensive feature of an executive holding during good behavior, that five out of thirteen states voted in favor of it, of which Virginia was one,

and that Madison not only agreed with him in his most energetic provisions of government, but sometimes even went beyond him.—*Vide pp. 543, 544, 548, note, etc.*

6. That during the progress of the discussion through the convention, Hamilton's own views were modified, at least on the score of expediency, and that he accordingly prepared a second *written* plan, reducing the tenure of the executive to a term of three years.—*Vide pp. 547, 548, 549.*

7. That the constitution as eventually adopted in convention was the result of mutual conciliation, and a matter of compromise on the part of all, towards which, each plan submitted contributed somewhat, and of which, no member or members could arrogate to themselves the exclusive merit.—*Vide chap. 23, 24, passim.*

[In addition to the above conclusive proofs, we would refer our readers to the still more decisive one contained in General Washington's letter addressed by him as president of the convention, and approved by an unanimous vote of the house, enclosing the result of their labors to the president of congress. "The constitution which we now present," is its language, "is the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable."—*Journals.*]

8. That Hamilton's assent to the constitution, when adopted, was as full and cordial as that of any other leading member of the convention. Like them, he had his fears.

The language of Washington was, "Nor am I yet such an enthusiastic, partial, or indiscriminating admirer of it, as not to perceive that it is tinged with some real though not radical defects."—*Sparks' Washington*, p. 403.

That of Franklin, was, "I consent to this constitution because I expect no better, and because I am sure it is not bad."—*Sparks' Life.*

The words of Madison were, "It (the constitution) was acceded to by a deep conviction of the necessity of sacrificing private opinion and partial interests to the public good, and by a despair of seeing this necessity diminished by delays or by new experiments."—*Federalist*, No. 47, headed, "Concerning the Difficulties which the Convention must have experienced in the formation of a proper plan."

And now, to this agrees, and but agrees, the oft-repeated language of Hamilton—"The system, though it may not be perfect in every part, is upon the whole, a good one; is the best that the present views and circumstances will permit, and is such an one as promises every species of security which a reasonable people can desire."—*Closing No. of the Federalist*, p. 85.

9. That thus dissenting in parts, yet approving as a whole, Hamilton subscribed the constitution accordingly, "*ex animo*," being the only representative of his state that put his name there; and having thus set to it his hand, he never ceased from that hour to labor and contend for it by tongue and pen, in heart, thought, and deed, equal—nay, beyond, may we not say!—any other member of that convention, or rather any man living.

"The jealousy of political rivalry," is the eloquent language of his son, "has misrepresented his views, and condemned his 'peculiar opinions,' because they did not prevail; but we forget that it is the characteristic of minds of the first order to aim at objects above the common reach. The eye that penetrates above the horizon of error; the

hand which, amidst its daily ministrations, is ever pointing to some great future good; the genius that, always fertile in expedients, feels that the power which impels makes sure its aim; these are all directed by a generous confidence of success, springing from conscious unexhausted resources that cannot, will not, despair. Ordinary men do not admit the magic virtues, the almost inspiration, by which they are overruled to perform their respective parts; but the influence is exerted, the plans, the institutions, the hopes of the world are raised; and, though the agent may be unseen or withdrawn, it moves on in glorious harmony with the high destinies he has prescribed. It is true that Hamilton's views did not all prevail; but their conservative character was imparted to this great reform, and much of its best spirit may still be due to labors which, though not wholly successful, owing to hesitations of others, were not without the choicest fruits."—p. 557.

Such, then, are the facts of the case, and such his son's right-minded comment upon them. Hamilton was, it seems, an ardent theoretic admirer of the British constitution, as what scholar, moralist, Christian, or gentleman, we ask, is not?—and in his plan of government submitted to the convention he sought to approach as near to that well-tryed model as was consistent with the acknowledged diversity of the case with the recognized and oft-asserted necessity of a republican basis in the executive office, and with the spirit and temper of a democratic people. In this, then, behold "the head and front of his offending." Now it is time, we say, for such "solemn mockery" to be over, as either to try Hamilton's patriotism by this test or think it necessary to answer those who do so. Something, indeed, may yet be allowed to affectionate filial piety—something to the lingering recollections of those who were actors in the scene: but it is time for us, the unshackled generation of a later day, to stand on higher ground, and to apply to Hamilton and his compeers, in our estimate of them and their priceless labors, deeper tests of love of country than such theoretic speculations afford, as well as a juster measure of what that country owes to them in the spirit as well as the letter of her institutions. And to this higher tribunal, as our second point, would we now make bold for a few moments to summon this controversy.

In this, our first question would be, as doubtless that one which history will first ask, Whose mind was it that first seized, not casually but vigorously, upon this novel IDEA—an idea, unrealized before in any federative compact the political world had seen—of a consolidated confederation—a state, "one, yet many"—"*unum ex pluribus*"—the peculiar and distinctive merit of our federal union and constitution? Who held, we ask, this idea tenaciously before his mind's eye, and, by wise living words of power awakened into life that same idea in the minds of his bewildered and distracted countrymen, wrecked, as they then were, amidst the shoals and quicksands of a fast dissolving confederacy? Who then and thereafter most frequently and eloquently pleaded its cause before a divided people—enforcing its necessity, answering objections, enlarging on its most needful provisions, and never ceasing to warn, to exhort, and to encourage to its adoption, until, through much and dubious struggle, it became the IDEA of the nation—from that, their DESIRE—and eventually their WILL? If there was any one such thinker—speaker—writer—in our



country, whoever he was, to him, and to him beyond all others, belongs the merit of our federal union, and the blessings it has brought, though he may, perhaps, have never penned a line or proposed one single item of that specific instrument, the written constitution eventually adopted. Now we do not assert that Hamilton was such originator, but we do deny the title to any other. We hold in truth a higher doctrine than admits the full merit of such idea to any individual. We deem it one that *grew* rather than was *planted* in the mind of the nation, and that from more than one soul of fire was struck forth independently that living, that Promethean spark that lighted up this only torch of safety in the darkened minds of a despairing community. In this, the completion and last step of the revolution, we think we read, as in its first, a simultaneous movement, under a higher and wiser guidance than that of man, of many minds towards the same polar point, and that the contention was rather about the means than the end—touching the securities, and not the value of union. Of the justice of this view, Hamilton's opening language in the *Federalist* affords conclusive proof, since he deemed an apology necessary for introducing any argument on that head, as being "a point," is his language, "deeply engraved on the hearts of the great body of the people in every state, and one which it may be imagined has no adversaries."—*Federalist*, No. 1.

On this point, we would also refer our readers to a past number of our own (*Review* No. 8, art. 3.) for a conclusive settlement of this question of priority in the analogous case of the first congress of 1774, where it appears that between May seventeen and July twenty-one of that year every colony had, uncalled for, and often in ignorance of the others' movements, put forth its voice popularly and officially in favor of such concert of action. We cannot but think, therefore, that on this point also, the matured fruit of which that action was the root, men's minds were ripe too for the coming action, and that the idea of *union*, *BEYOND confederation*, was a thought that sprang up instinctively in reflecting minds, even as hidden seed from the hand of God springs up unbidden in the soil of a deep-ploughed field. Thousands thought this idea, tens of thousands longed for it, while only hundreds, perhaps, openly spoke and wrote for it; and of these, only some high-chosen few devoted to it their tongue, pen, and heart's living energies.

Among such noble "elect," saving the claims of Washington, stands the name of Hamilton, doubtless second to none, in our judgment, *FIRST*. For what pen, we ask, traced out earlier or more legibly than his, with a firmer or a clearer hand, the new and bright chart of empire just opening on the startled gaze of feeble disenthralled colonists? From whose lips came so often as his, the banner-cry of "union" and a "solid confederation"? Who wrote the "*Continentalist*?" Who named the "*Federalist*?" Who was then stigmatized as "the Unionist?" Who fought its battles "through good report and evil report," even from the very hour that the first blow was struck in the colonial contest? Let us recall to such as may forget them a few of these proofs.

While yet a stripling youth of seventeen, Hamilton went forth to the battle. The public meeting in New York called sixth of July, 1774, to consider of the choice of delegates to the first congress, and long known as "the great meeting in the fields," was electrified alike by the eloquence

and boldness of the "infant" Hamilton. Then, too, came his first recorded words forth from the press, that press which never after forgot his name or ceased to resound with his words, calling to union and pointing to glory "through (to use his own words) the steady, uniform, unshaken security of *constitutional freedom*," adding, with that noble enthusiasm which was his perpetual inspiration, "I would die to preserve the laws upon a solid foundation, but take away liberty, and the foundation is destroyed." For the three following years, he not only labored but fought for that union.

In 1779, appeared the ablest argument that had then appeared for it, in his published, though anonymous, letter to Robert Morris, explaining the principles on which it be formed, carrying them out to their then needful details for immediate action; more especially, urging the necessity of a national currency, and giving an outline of the fiscal scheme of a bank, soon after actually adopted by congress under the title of the Bank of North America.

In 1780, appeared his still more energetic letter, intended, like the former, for the public, but addressed to his friend Duane; in which he points distinctly to a convocation of the states, in order to the creation of a federal constitution for what he termed "a *solid confederation*."

In 1781, through the successive numbers of "the *Continentalist*," a name adopted by him as the intelligible banner of "union," in opposition to all sectional plans, his appeal was directly to the people at large for the organization of what he again prospectively named "a great federative republic, *closely linked in the pursuit of a common interest*."

In 1782, he was the leading unionist in the congress of the confederation, planning and enforcing measures of consolidation, bearing more especially on what then constituted its hinge question, a system of finance to be imposed by the *authority* of congress, and collected, not by *state*, but *federal* officers.—*Vide* vol. ii., chap. 18.

In 1783, on the triumphant conclusion of the contest, he thus reiterates to General Washington the only course of safety that lay before them. "It now only remains," says he, "to make solid establishments *within*, to PERPETUATE OUR UNION, to prevent our being a ball in the hands of European powers, bandied against each other at their pleasure. In fine, to make our independence truly a blessing." To this sentiment, Washington, in reply, fully accords, as to one long familiar to his own mind, yet adds, "I shall be obliged to you, however, for the thoughts which you have promised me on this subject, and as soon as you can make it convenient." (vol. ii., pp. 76-77.) But we surely need go no further into detail on this point. History will search in vain for one who, earlier than Hamilton, planted in the American mind the seeds of a *union* as contradistinguished from a *confederation*, or who, when planted, labored more sedulously in their cultivation, or watched more earnestly or more disinterestedly over that ripened golden fruit, which God, in his good time, made to grow upon it, but which sectarian jealousy would have plucked ere it was ripe.

The second test to which we think history will call the illustrious framers of our constitution will be, whose principles, as then infused into it, were subsequently found in practice to give to it its highest efficiency and promise of stability? On this point, in favor of Hamilton, there is, as already

given, the judgment of one who, both as philosopher and statesman, has deeply analyzed, not only the principles of government in general, but more especially the origin and working of the American constitution, and who speaks of them unbiassed by party. This judgment of Mr. Guizot's, in the absence at least of all counter authority, we may rightly regard as the voice of history, and the answer to our question will, we say, ever be in accordance with it.

But to this we would beg leave to add our own view. It is very clear, we think, that, in this matter of the federal constitution, Hamilton's mind was laboring after the *unattainable*—taking for his starting point what he deemed, and justly, the highest actual exhibition the world had ever seen of *efficiency in government with freedom in the citizen*, viz., the British constitution. To analyze the "maxima" and "minima" of this problem in political philosophy—a problem insoluble except by way of approximation—was the bold task he was then undertaking to solve; and this he attempted by the conception—of an executive, that should combine the stability of a monarchy with the full responsibility of a universal popular choice, a senate, that should guard the interests of the minority, combined with a popular house, that should give its due weight to the majority of numbers, and a federal judiciary, supreme, and thus enabled to watch over all, unassailable either by fear or favor. Such was the platform of the unattainable model which he kept before his eye, even when, through the pressure of expediency, forced to depart from it. But still, though in aiming at the mid-day sun he reached not his mark, he yet reached higher, we may safely conclude, than they who shot with a lower ambition. "Efficiency" and "freedom" being ever the two poles of thought around which his mind continually revolved, it is but reasonable to believe that so far as these living energies were in fact infused into the constitution, (which was the result of the action of many minds one upon the other,) it is but reasonable, we say, to conclude that to no member of that convention was such result more due than to Hamilton. Least of all, we must add, (a comparison not voluntarily sought, but forced upon the eulogist of Hamilton,) least of all, can his claims be contested by one, the peculiar *features* of whose plan, whatever the merit of his labors, were all elements of feebleness or distraction—"a double head," making government a self-fighting monster; "reëligible," bestowing a bounty on executive corruption; "chosen, not by the people, but by the legislature," turning choice into intrigue; "guided by a council," removing from him all responsibility; "with a full negative on all state laws," the banner, as it might be, of tyranny or rebellion; "a federal judiciary, appointed by the popular branch of the legislature, and connected with the executive in political duties," not only poisoning the sources of justice, but undermining the very pillars of the constitution; and, to crown all, the whole presented (at least, in his earlier scheme) not as a "union" or "national government," but as "articles of confederation between states," leaving open to revolting members the fatal gate of nullification, guarded but by the drawn sword, "the declared right of coercion." Such were the peculiar views of Madison in his primary, unleavened thoughts—unmarked, we must say, either by theoretic or practical wisdom, and unfavorable alike to efficiency and to freedom. Compared with them, how loftily stand

forth the free yet conservative, philosophic yet practical, views of Hamilton—"unity in the executive," the only security for peace, vigor, or promptitude in government; "election by the people at large," the only guarantee for a free choice; "no council of revision," but full individual responsibility; "tenure during good behavior," "open to impeachment," "not reëligible," all bringing to bear the highest motives upon executive faithfulness, while sealing up, at the same time, the fountains of executive corruption; "a federal judiciary," supreme, untrammelled, and unapproachable; and lastly, not "articles of confederation," but "a national government," limited in its objects, but supreme within its limits, and competent to the means as well as the ends for which it was constituted; a union "indissoluble," and therefore involving no hostile provision against separation: bearing on its very face no penalty of blood, nor untimely provoking, by threats, what, as the last of evils, it would seek to avoid. Not, therefore, by the vision of a blood-stained sword—not thus did Hamilton seek to perpetuate this blessed union of peace—but by silken chains, and golden ties, and all-glorious hopes; by the aspirations of a common sympathy; by the bonds of an all-pervading interest; by love of country; by national pride; by faith in the high destinies of American empire; by peace and industry; by law and order; by an unfettered internal commerce; by a well-regulated currency; by a national bank, coördinate with the necessities of government, yet identified with the wants and interests of a commercial people. Thus, and thus only, did Hamilton seek to perpetuate, through men's hearts and best affections, as well as through their pervading interests, that consolidated union between the once-disunited states of America, which no man, beyond him, had labored to create, or would more willingly have died to secure.

So far as these peculiar views of Hamilton were infused into the federal constitution, into its spirit, letter, and working, few will deny but that they have proved elements of strength, while not a few will be inclined to go farther, and think they find the weakest parts of the work in a departure, by word or interpretation, from his well-guarded principles. This, at least, may be safely asserted, that not an evil has been felt or dreaded by the country under its fifty-years' operation which we do not find indicated and set forth in his wide and varied reasonings upon it, as if, almost with prophetic eye, he had looked into its coming fortunes.

In proof of this position, we may observe, that among the subsequent amendments to the constitution, the first and last have been alike features taken from his original plan—the first, a prohibition against "an establishment of religion"—the last, "altering the manner of the presidential election." "You and I, my friend," said Hamilton to General Lewis, "may not live to see the day, but most assuredly it will come when every vital interest of the state will be merged in the question of, 'Who shall be the next president?'" (vol. ii., p. 551.) That time, however, both *did* live to see in the presidential contest of 1800, that shook the nation to its centre and drove the people upon a remedy; and that remedy was precisely the one indicated by the prospective mind of Hamilton, and a feature in his plan, the direct choice of the people—a provision, the wisdom of which we are even now reaping in the tranquil submis-

sion of a nation of sixteen millions to a presidential choice so made by the people as to be open neither to intrigue nor misinterpretation.

If we look again at our actual safeguards, whether of liberty or law, of efficiency in government or check to its encroachments, where do we find them but where Hamilton placed them?—of a sound democracy, where but in direct popular election?—of efficiency in government, but in the control of the means necessary to the attainment of the end?—and of check to tyranny, but in that "court supreme," the federal judiciary, above the smiles, above the frowns, of executive patronage, so long, at least, as it preserves its ermine unstained by the base contact of political hands. What a corner-stone Hamilton held this court to be may be seen from his detailed examination of it in the *Federalist*, devoting to its consideration no less than eight consecutive numbers from 78 to 85. But how, it may be asked, are Hamilton's views to be justified in desiring a *stronger* executive, when we find it already, in practice, *too strong*? The objection, we reply, is as superficial as it is obvious, and the answer we give to it as conclusive as it may appear paradoxical:—greater constitutional strength would have given to it less arbitrary power. Not from constitutional powers comes tyranny, but from usurpation, arising out of ill-guarded powers; and to this abuse, constitutional weakness, rather than strength, is alike the motive and stimulant. To the truth of this, all history speaks at large. Despotism springs up out of anarchy—monarchy creeps up out of ill-regulated democracy—and, in every case, usurpation grows up out of weakness.

But we have yet one farther criterion by which posterity will try the pure patriot of our revolution. It is, whether he habitually set the will of his country above his own wishes, and her honor above her will: for he who begins with loving even his country beyond truth, is soon found to end in loving himself above his country. Against this eating canker of selfishness in the heart, that *contradictory pole* to patriotism, experience assures us that no adequate remedy exists in the mind of any man save in true nobleness of spirit. Personal honor is therefore the corner-stone of patriotism: and to serve his country against his country's will is, consequently, the patriot's highest test. How Hamilton's life would stand this touchstone we need hardly here re-state. His earliest, latest, and highest efforts of eloquence, whether in hall, camp, or forum, were all called forth on this score. From the days of the college mob, when, a whig student, he secured the tory president's safety at the risk of his own—a course so little in unison with feebler natures that even the man he was laboring to serve called out from above, "Don't listen to him, gentlemen, he is crazy, he is crazy!" (vol. i., p. 48)—down to the latest act of his public or professional life, we find him ever thus fighting the cause of reason against popular passion, of the right against the expedient, and that too with the uniform and very natural reward of having his acts misconstrued, his motives misunderstood, his language misinterpreted, and himself held up, if not to public, at least to party odium, as a citizen without patriotism—an adopted, but not a filial son of America—branded as a royalist, because he wrested from the law its sword of vengeance against the tories—as an Englishman, because he would not hate the ancestral land

against which he was yet willing to shed his blood—as a monarchist, because he loved not revolutionary France—as an enemy to the people, because he would save them from their own mad passions—and as a Caesar in ambition, because he gave up his heart to his public duties, and ever labored in them as men do in that which they love. But all these felt and foreseen penalties moved him not from his chosen path—first, truth and honor, then his country's will. To take a case in illustration:—So long as the constitution was under discussion, he fought, and that strenuously, for what he deemed not popular, but unpopular, yet best. Though frowned upon by his state, he persevered. Though deserted by his colleagues, he held his seat, quitting it but for a time under the pressure of his private affairs. Though left without a vote in the convention, he claimed and exercised the privilege of being heard—persuading where he could not guide, and healing differences he could not prevent. And at the last, when the final vote was taken, and the constitution actually adopted, then we find him setting aside all prior preferences for what his country preferred, all minor questions for that of union, burying in forgetfulness all past differences, putting at once his hand to the instrument and his heart to the work and his shoulder to the wheel, and with a giant's strength, and, what is stronger, a true patriot's spirit, bearing up the ark of political safety almost alone, yet safely, through its deepest slough, the narrow and selfish policy of his own recreant state, nor pausing in his labors till he and his compeers had placed it in triumph on the Capitoline hill.

Such was Hamilton's high-minded, self-denying patriotism, and without entering on the invidious task of comparing or contrasting it with that of others, we will content ourselves with drawing, as we think history will draw, this self-evident conclusion:—To Hamilton belongs either the high merit of having been a chief framer of the federal constitution, or else the rarer and brighter merit of working for its advancement as if he had been, and as a patriot should do, disinterestedly for love of country. The lower his merit is put in the one scale the higher it rises, necessarily, in the other. On the horns of this dilemma, at least, must every future maligner of Hamilton be cast.

We come now to our closing question upon Mr. Hamilton's volumes, viewing them,

Thirdly, *as a defence of his father against the misrepresentations contained in the Madison papers.* But for this head we have left ourselves little room—ample enough, however, as we think, for the slight necessity. There is, in truth, but little in these much talked of "papers." In this, at least, they have disappointed both friend and foe. They throw but little light on the period to which they relate, and will be found, in the end, to add as little to the fame of the writer. So far as they have a bearing on the course or character of Hamilton, they have been fully analyzed by his son, and their not unfrequent errors and inconsistencies conclusively exhibited. On this point, we refer our readers, for their full satisfaction, to the notes appended to the second volume of the biography, the Madison papers having made their appearance too late for them to be incorporated into the text. —(Vide especially pp. 36, 43, 101, 119, 486, 490, 492, 544, 549, etc.) Viewed in this light as a conclusive, and we hope final, refutation of old



slanders newly revived, the present volume of Mr. Hamilton has come forth peculiarly opportunely, just in time to put a stop to a second growth of falsehood, and to settle once and forever the matter of Hamilton's opinions in the convention that framed the federal constitution. Time, with its silent tread, will soon, we think, do the rest, and establish, beyond the power of future slander, the comparative merits and patriotism, not only of Hamilton, but of all who stood forth with him as file-leaders of the old federal party—a party whose character is yet to be written by the pen of history. The truth is, we have already learned from experience what Hamilton predicted from ancient history, that “a dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the specious mask of zeal for the rights of the people than under the forbidding appearance of zeal for the firmness and efficiency of government.” “History will teach us,” he adds, “that the former has been found a much more certain road to the introduction of despotism than the latter, and that of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people—commencing demagogues and ending tyrants.”—*Federalist*, No. 1.

Still, however, we have here to account for the origin of that rancorous spirit which thus embittered the life of Hamilton, and now, even as it were from the grave, rises up to blast his memory. This certainly is among the deep questions that awaken interest in the reader of his life, and is one that appears, at first sight, not easy to answer satisfactorily.

The character, as already given at large of Hamilton, is one, on the contrary, to engage confidence and awaken love wherever he was known. How happened it then, we ask, that beyond all his contemporaries and compeers, upon him rested such a peculiar load of envy? Whence originated that deep and bitter prejudice, that malignant personal hostility, going beyond the ordinary spirit of faction, or even his own high claims as a leader to bear the odium of an unpopular party—a blood-hound spirit, as we may well term it, which never fell off from its track of chase, until, through the hand of the basest of his pursuers, it had wrought out its deadly purpose, nor, as this recent publication shows, even then? Now this, we say, is a mystery, for it is inexplicable by anything we see in Hamilton's open, generous, confiding character. But let us see. To trace it to its earliest source, we must go back even to his childhood. A “stranger” homeless boy, of foreign birth, cast, as it were, by chance upon the American shores—a youth, without introduction from family, friends or fortune, representing no class in the community, belonging to no party in the state, supported by no sectional influence, united to no man's feelings, whether of pride, interest or patriotism—for such an one to start into public life upon his own personal claims, to rise by the unaided buoyancy of genius, and at once to run ahead of his seniors and betters in the race, gaining, while yet a stripling youth, the ear and confidence of the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, to the exclusion of many who earnestly sought it with apparently far better claims—and then again, wherever he appeared in the arena of contest, whether in the cabinet or on the field, in congress or at the bar, carrying off the laurel for which there were so many native competitors—all this, we say, could not but awaken in the hearts of many, under

the feebleness of poor human nature, jealous and bitter thoughts as against one of upstart fortune and an intruding stranger. Such cause, we think, to have given the *ground-work* of this hostility; and to this unworthy feeling, as awakened in feeble or baser minds, even his virtues would seem to give nourishment. Had this youthful aspirant, under such invidious circumstances of success, been content to play the politic and circumspect part, he would have taken off the edge of fortune that wounded him. But he was one, on the contrary, of a temper alike bold and incautious, fearless for himself and distrustless of others, courting no man's favor, fearing no man's frown, and consulting no man's selfish interests or timid prejudices. The result was, that he stood alone; save Washington and a narrow circle of personal friends, Hamilton had naught to look to, in any emergency, for strength or safety beyond his own clear intellect, right motives, brave heart, ready hand, and eloquent tongue and pen. What lay beyond was for the most part cool malignity or hot and jealous rivalry. Looking at it in this personal light, Hamilton's successful career will stand forth in history with all the brilliancy of genius. The greatness he achieved was altogether a personal one. He owed no man anything, nor any set of men, beyond their voluntary confidence in his integrity and talents. His contemporaries, on the contrary, were all men backed by the weight of masses—Madison and Jefferson by the Old Dominion—the Adamses, Hancock and Otis, by Massachusetts—the Clintons and Livingstons by New York, and so on. But Hamilton's voice was a solitary one. Even his own state was against him; and his bitterest foes were those who ought to have been his friends. From first to last, therefore, Hamilton had to *fight* his way. Nothing was voluntarily yielded to him. What he gained was at the sword's point—what he held was with an armed hand. But this is a position full of danger to any man, however strong or however pure. Such contests cannot always be without wounds, and there are some natures whose blood will not heal. This, at least, Hamilton was doomed to experience. But there was a farther source of embittered feeling, the friendship of Washington.

This proved to Hamilton honor but not strength—anything, in short, rather than what it seemed to promise, peace and security. The explanation of this is obvious. From the very outset, Washington had his enemies in the camp and in congress—few, perhaps, at first, and secret, but not the less bitter from being repressed into silence; and, as in principles identified, all his enemies were also Hamilton's. Washington, again, in the cabinet proved less popular than he had been in the field. His policy and his personal bearing were alike too lofty for the spirit of democracy. His first administration saw these men grow up from a secret into an open faction; and before the close of his final one, they had risen into a dominant and ruling party. Adams, it is true, followed for a single term in the steps of Washington; but the doom was already upon the federalists whom he represented, and, as with the bitterness of a new revolution, they were immediately after, ejected from office, and a mark of reprobation set upon them, their persons, and their opinions. But in the crusade thus proclaimed against them, Washington's name was one too high to be struck at. That of Hamilton, the friend and bosom counsellor of Washington, was therefore substituted in its stead,

that on him and his name all the vials of their wrath might be poured out. Thus, we say, it was that the name and reputation of Hamilton became loaded with a double, or rather treble, share of odium—his own, and Washington's, and a falling party's. The share of Washington, too, being laid on, as is men's wont in such cases, with double good will, as a consolation to baser natures for not daring to charge it where they would.

And now, to all these more general causes of hostility, when we have added those special ones in the first cabinet of Washington which made Madison a disappointed rival and Jefferson an embittered opponent, we shall have arrived, we think, at a satisfactory solution of this apparent mystery—the envenomed hostility which made Hamilton the target for every poisoned arrow out of the quiver of the state-rights or anti-federal party. That this feeling wrought deep in the spirit of Madison, embittering a mind not otherwise malignant, though far by nature from an open or candid one, there can be no question. Mr. Hamilton has noted it through the Madison Papers, displaying itself in insinuations rather than charges, “hinting a fault,” “damning with faint praise,” and such other acts of a skilful and not over-honest opponent. In illustration and proof of it, we, too, would quote from another source now comparatively forgotten, the letters of “Helvidius,” published by him in answer to Hamilton's defence, under the signature of “Pacificus,” of General Washington's proclamation of neutrality at the breaking out of the war between France and England. The sneer and the insinuation are both, we admit, skilfully put. The only question is, whether honorably or justly.

“Whence, then,” Madison asks, “can the writer [Hamilton] have borrowed it? There is but one answer to this question. The power of making treaties, and the power of declaring war, are *royal prerogatives* (sic) in the *British government*, and are accordingly treated as *executive prerogatives* by *British commentators*.” (No. 1.) Again, in No. 5, “But I remark only on the singularity of the style adopted by the writer, as showing either that the phraseology of a foreign government is more familiar to him than the phraseology proper to our own, or that he wishes to propagate a familiarity of the former in preference to the latter. I do not know what degree of disapprobation others may think due to this innovation of language; but I consider it as far above a trivial criticism to observe that it is by no means unworthy of attention, whether viewed with an eye to the probable cause or the apparent tendency.”—*Letters of Helvidius*.

The baseness of these unfounded imputations against the patriotism of Hamilton, and the still baser ends they were intended to serve, (viz., to bring into the suspicion of foreign attachment one of the high functionaries of government,) are not only as arguments deserving of the sharpest censure, but they evince, moreover, a moral unsoundness in the mind that could employ them, and, we must confess, have rendered us less backward to admit the possible thought which the recent perusal of the Madison Papers had of themselves awakened from many internal marks, viz., that Madison's notes of the convention of 1787 are not, in a strict sense, an original document, but bear the color of subsequent thought; and if so, it is

easy to divine what tinge would be given them, whether intentionally or unintentionally, touching a party he had abandoned, principles he had forsaken, and, above all, the man whom, beyond all other men, he hated and feared. We are content, however, with expressing this but as a suspicion. As one of the framers of our constitution, as one of its able defenders in the *Federalist*, as the President who was willing to sacrifice consistency to the good of his country and recharter a national bank, against which, as a rival's plan, he had for twenty years stood in arms—for these acts we honor the name of Madison, and would not lightly believe evil of him. As against Hamilton, however, we cannot but hold him a false accuser.

But of living enemies to the fair fame of Hamilton, we would fain believe there are and can be now but few—few so ignorant in our land as not to be aware of the unpayable debt of gratitude this country owes his memory, in regard of all she was, and all she did, and, above all, what she now is, and fewer still so heartless, in either our own or any other land, as not to read in every transcript of his life, however imperfect, the broad and bright lines of honor and pure patriotism. For ourselves at least we must say, after perusing these volumes of his son, that we honor not the feelings of the citizen who is not moved by their perusal into a loftier love of country than belongs to mere vulgar patriotism, even to a jealous love for her fame and honor; and still less do we envy the heart of the man with whom the uniform truth and nobleness of Hamilton's public career, his fearlessness in the path of unpopular duty, his liberal and untiring zeal in defence of persecuted feebleness, his ready and overwhelming eloquence wherever individual honor was concerned or the rights of man invaded, or the claims of a gentle humanity forgotten—with whom, we say, all these deathless memorials of undying worth cannot outweigh the memory of departed feuds, put out the baleful fires of party, and sweeten even the bitter waters of personal jealousy.

Hamilton is now a name, not of party, but of history. He belongs to that mighty past whose memories are ever the fairest heritage of the present—its wealth, its strength, its choicest storehouse of wisdom. Into that temple of historic truth Hamilton has now entered, and there stands among the effigies of our national ancestry. Whoso now opens the doors of that temple must do it with reverence towards the mighty dead. Now to admit into it the lying spirit of party were indeed a deep sin against humanity, coming from whom it may. What, then, shall we think of a son of America who, with disloyal and unfilial hands, shall dare to stain with the foul touch of party what, in heathen phrase, we may well term the “*Dii Penates*,” the pure images of our household gods, of whom stand first, though not alone, Washington, Hamilton, and Jay?

In giving this enlarged view of Hamilton, we have not thought it needful to support our positions by detailed reference to the volumes before us. We would not prejudice its eloquent narrative by partial quotation; and moreover we feel that no one of our American readers will deem his historical library complete without a copy of the “*Life of Hamilton*.”

From the *Jewish Intelligence* of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews.

#### DEATH OF BISHOP ALEXANDER.

THE following extracts from a letter from the Rev. W. D. Veltch, dated Cairo, Nov. 26, 1845, will convey to our readers the mournful tidings of the sudden and lamented decease of the Right Rev. Michael Solomon Alexander, D. D., Lord Bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland at Jerusalem:—

"I have a very melancholy and painful duty now before me. I write in Mrs. Alexander's name, and my sad information is that the bishop is no more. It pleased God to remove him from us by one of those extraordinary dispensations which so painfully prove how frail is the tenure by which we hold what is valuable or dear; and I feel that silent submission is the proper position for us. We know *who* has acted, but not yet *why*\* he has acted thus; doubtless, ere long, the vision will speak; at present all seems dark and mysterious.

"I can afford time but for a brief account of this sad event. We [the bishop, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Alexander, and myself] were on the way to Egypt—crossing the desert. We had got as far as a place called Abou-Sawyreh, on Friday, the 21st. Here, for the first time, we had a severe fall of rain during the night; and the next morning the bishop complained of indisposition, very similar to that from which he suffered at the conclusion of his journey from Damascus to Beyrout, last spring. During the day he gave up his horse, and went in a litter on a camel, in which Mrs. Alexander travelled; and on our arrival on Saturday night at a place on the eastern branch of the Nile, just opposite the town of Ras Ovaddi, where we encamped for the night, he seemed very much better—was very cheerful at dinner in my tent—so much so that we all remarked it, and fondly hoped that the next day's rest, to which we all looked forward with great pleasure, would enable him to make out the rest of his journey in comfort. But it was otherwise ordered; he had rest indeed, but not on earth. As soon as dinner was over he retired, and very soon went to bed. Some time after I had retired I was roused by some exclamations from Mrs. Alexander; I ran instantly into his tent, and saw at once that all was over. We tried all we could think of; applied hot water to the feet, chafed the body, and I even ventured to bind up the arm, and got a lancet ready, but it was impossible to make the vein rise, so as to see where it was. I also put a cordial between the lips, but it produced no movement of the throat. Death had taken place in a moment; and we have since ascertained, by a *post mortem* examination, the cause to have been a rupture of the descending aorta, close to the heart.

"P. S.—Since writing the above, I have seen Mrs. Alexander, who acts with the advice and hearty concurrence of her friends here, in not returning to Jerusalem. I propose, therefore, to

\* We do know why: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." May we be allowed to express to the young readers of the *Living Age*, a great distaste to the use of the phrase, so often applied to the death of a good man—"a mysterious Providence." It is not intended to do so, but it seems to imply, that perhaps the person speaking may be wrong, but that he does not see why it would not have been better otherwise; and to our feeling is painfully wanting both in humility and reverence.

convey the remains to Jerusalem, and send the family from thence to join Mrs. Alexander in Cairo, from whence she will proceed at once to England. Deeply do I sympathize with all the excellent bishop's friends in England. May He who has done this show us soon the good he meditates; for good it must be, though we in our ignorance see it not yet."

The bishop had already written his 4th annual letter to all the friends of Israel. Though on his way to England, he seemed to realize the uncertainty of all human arrangements. This address, which we shall publish in our next, will, we are sure, be perused with special interest, under these afflicting circumstances.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

**POLITE INVITATION.**—At a very large meeting of citizens of Montreal, held lately, on the subject of a probability of war between Great Britain and the United States, the following resolutions were adopted:

1st. Moved by John Wilson, Esq., seconded by Arthur Buckley, Esq.:

"That, judging from recent events in the neighboring republic, it is not improbable that a disunion of the American States is not far distant; and as this meeting doubts not that those favorable to true liberty, both civil and religious, would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of dissolving a connexion with men of habits and feelings diametrically opposed to their own, that the approaching rupture affords a favorable occasion of securing them an alliance with our peaceful colony."

2d. Moved by Archibald Home, Esq., seconded by Edmund Drenon, Esq.:

"That, impressed with this conviction, it becomes our imperative duty to hold out the right hand of fellowship to our brethren in the Northern States, and to assure them of our ardent desire to coöperate with them in effecting a connexion with an empire where the advantages of liberty, restrained within due limits, are fully enjoyed, and yet where the law is neither trampled under foot, nor made subservient to the *vox populi*."

3d. Moved by James Curlew, Esq., seconded by William Davidson, Esq.:

"That a correspondence be opened, through the constitutional committee, with such States as, from their geographical position, and the tone of political feeling generally evinced by them, would be likely to appreciate such a change."

4th. Moved by Stephen Hall, Esq., seconded by B\*\*\* M'Cracken, Esq., who addressed the meeting at considerable length, pointing out the many advantages, both in a commercial and political point of view, to be derived by such a step, as well to the Canadas as to the States, which would be thereby annexed to the British empire,—

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the boundary between the British possessions and the American States best calculated to establish and maintain permanent peace on this continent, would be, a line commencing at the Atlantic with the city of New York, extending along the southern boundary of the State of New York, to its junction with the northern boundary of the State of Pennsylvania, continuing the same along the northern boundary of the States of Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri, and thence following the 42d parallel of latitude to the Pacific Ocean."



## THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

[The Protestant Churchman compiled the following selections "for the purpose of showing the spirit in which this visit is viewed by journals in the Romish interest, and the position of affairs in the emperor's dominions."]

In the year 370 the eloquent Ambrose stopped the Emperor Theodosius upon the threshold of the sanctuary, and addressed these severe words to him:—"O! emperor, you do not yet understand the enormity of your crime, since you have the audacity to present yourself here, after having issued orders for the commission of so many murders! Retire, then, and do not add a fresh crime to those you have already committed."

In 452 the great Leo went, in the name of the God of the Christians, before the astounded Atila, (the celebrated "scourge of God,") repelled his savage cohorts from the walls of Rome, and saved the metropolis of civilization by that miracle of holy courage.

In 1077 the German emperor humbled his power before the spiritual thunderbolts of Gregory VII., and expiated in the court of the pontifical palace the oppression of his Saxon subjects.

In the 16th century a pope imposed his arbitration upon the claims of the Kings of Spain and Portugal, and, tracing a line upon the globe with his weak but dreaded finger, he said to each of the two ambitious rivals, "You shall go no further."

Even in our own time we have seen the Sovereign Pontiff (Pius VII.) come to Paris for the purpose of consecrating the bond of alliance between modern society and the ancient church, and smiling with indulgence at the refractory incredulity of an old Jacobin, who trembled with impatience under the benediction of the holy father, address to him these words of evangelical mildness:—"Do not run away, sir, the blessing of an old man never does any harm."

In all the great periods of her strength, in all her formidable collisions with temporal power, the church, even in the midst of alienations of her dominion, had always understood that she ought to fight with the spiritual sword, and to stipulate in the name of intelligence and religion, even when she mistook their real interests.

What do we see now? Rome is adorned in her holiday garments; her bells are all in motion; the cupola of St. Peter's is crowned with a wreath of illuminations; her priests are preparing for a great solemnity; the Vatican is throwing open all its gates. What illustrious guest is expected? It is the czar—the representative of schismatic barbarism, still reeking with the blood of the martyrs of Warsaw, and wet with the tears of Catholic nuns tried by a thousand tortures—it is the czar, who, his head covered with a helmet, and his heels accoutred with spurs, crosses the threshold of the pontifical palace. What is the object of this insolent visit?—what is the purpose of this monstrous interview? Is the Muscovite monarch come to confess his faults, and to abjure, in the hands of the minister of a God of charity, the heresy of his merciless despotism? Is he come to take lessons in pardoning at the foot of the cross? No; he comes to request the holy father to smotherize by a signal impunity, or rather to consecrate by a paternal reception, those recent outrages, the noise of which still resounds throughout the whole of Christendom! He is come to exact

from the mouth of the pope himself a solemn disappointment of the groans and the last hopes of Poland.

Yes, we are assured, and we are willing to believe it, that at the sight of such audacity the very entrails of the pontiff were agitated, his tears flowed freely; the baptism of the Sicambre must have recurred to his mind, and that reminiscence, by a humiliating contrast, must have afflicted his heart at the strange reversal of all the parts. Yes, the shade of St. Ambrose rose before him to instruct him upon what terms the barriers of the vatican could be drawn aside before homicidal majesty. What idea—what interest, then, has stifled his good inspirations and vanquished his pious repugnance? We know not; but we think we can guess. Some prudent cardinal, grown hoary in the traditions of a passive policy—some ecclesiastical governor of Romagna, may have whispered in the ears of the holy father the names of the unfortunate young persons who were slain by the sbirri, or by the executioner at Rimini and Bologna. The Emperor Nicholas himself, forewarned of the scruples of Gregory XVI., and parodying in his turn the famous demarcation of Alexander VI., may have caused these words to be conveyed to his holiness—"The legations for yourself, and Poland for me."—[*From the Siecle.*]

The *Diario* of Rome announces the arrival of the Emperor of Russia in that city on the 13th instant, travelling under the title of General Romanoff. His majesty took up his residence in the palace Giustiniani, the seat of the Russian embassy. We extract the following on this subject from the *Quotidienne*:

"We have received letters from Rome of the 13th. The Emperor Nicholas had arrived during the night, and in the morning at eleven, he went to the Vatican in the carriage of M. de Boutenieff, who was seated at his right, and alone with him. The aides-de-camp followed in two other carriages. The father went to receive the emperor in his hall adjoining his cabinet. The emperor bowed and kissed the pope's ring, and then the two sovereigns embraced. After having made some inquiries as to the emperor's journey, the pope introduced him into his cabinet, where he remained an hour and a quarter with him and M. de Boutenieff. Cardinal Acton acted as interpreter. On leaving, the emperor presented to the sovereign pontiff the persons of his suit, and, after a few words, the emperor withdrew. It is, of course, impossible to tell or even to guess at the result of this interview. But we could read in the faces of the two sovereigns rather an expression of friendship than distrust. We may also allude to the previous state of things. It is known that the emperor comes to solicit a dispensation for the marriage of his daughter with the archduke, and it appears that he had never given any orders which could have authorized the recent persecutions by a schismatic bishop, and had promised that rigid investigation should take place, and the bishop be exiled to Siberia, if the charges against him were proved. On his side, the pope had demanded that a nuncio should be received at St. Petersburg, and that the liberty of the Catholics should be acknowledged. Other letters speak of the question of the hats, to which the French cabinet attaches so much importance. The French ministry had set a trap for the court of Rome. It was desirous in the choice of prelates to obtain a disavowal of the

French episcopacy, but the snare was easily detected. The ministry will not obtain the two hats that it was desirous of."

Letters from Rome of the 18th instant, announce the departure of the Emperor of Russia for Florence during the preceding night.

Other letters from Rome, of the same date, mention the conclusion of a sort of concordat between the pope and the Emperor of Russia. The latter, it appeared, made numerous concessions. He protested that it was without his knowledge or consent, the atrocities perpetrated of late against his Romish subjects had been committed, and that if, on his return, he ascertained that the accounts published by the journals were well founded, their authors should not remain unpunished.—*Times*.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*The Life of Faith.* Embracing some of the Scriptural principles or doctrines of Faith, the power or effects of Faith in the regulation of Man's Inward Nature, and the relation of Faith to the Divine Guidance. By THOMAS C. UPHAM. Waite, Peirce & Co. Boston.

THIS work is by the author of "Interior Life," of which we gave, at second hand, a very favorable notice. Although we are desirous of reading this book, we have not yet done so, and cannot speak from any further knowledge than the table of contents; from this it appears to be of an eminently practical nature. We have so strong a prejudice in favor of this writer, that we should not hesitate to present the book to a friend, even though it might prove not to agree with all our own opinions.

*Turner on the Duty of Honesty in the Choice of the Ministry.* New York. Stanford & Swords.

THIS is the abbreviated title of an excellent address delivered by Professor Turner before the students of the General Theological Seminary. It is written in the compact, forcible style which distinguishes the other writings of the learned author, and should be read and pondered not only by theological students, but by the clergy of all denominations throughout our country. The indiscreet haste with which men have been admitted to the sacred office has wrought great mischief to the cause of religion; and Dr. Turner has rendered a valuable service in this address, by pointing out the necessity and means of guarding the churches against the evil.—*Com. Adv.*

*Man in the Republic; a series of Poems,* by CORNELIUS MATTHEWS, has been issued in a neat miniature volume.

THE aim of these poems is a high one—no less than to show what influence our new institutions may have hereafter on humanity; and without deciding for ourselves even, how much of the idea Mr. Matthews has grasped, we can still say that his poems are at least likely to suggest somewhat new to those who read with care.—*Churchman*.

*Over the Ocean.* By a lady of New York. New York. Paine & Burgess.

THERE have been so many publications of this kind, so thoroughly has the continent of Europe been tracked and its treasury of scenery and incident ransacked, that there is naturally some misgiving about purchasing yet another volume. Nevertheless a lady is entitled to a hearing, more

especially when she writes, as does the author of this volume, clearly, naturally, earnestly, and mingles something of the practical with the sentimental in every chapter. In some portions of the volume there is originality in her observations upon subjects which one might think had long since been worn threadbare.—*Com. Adv.*

#### *New Map of Oregon, Texas, &c.*

A NEW map of Texas, Oregon, California, and the regions adjoining, has been published by Augustus Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and is for sale by the principal booksellers here. This map contains the results of recent explorations and journeys, including the examinations of the north-western coast, by Commodore Wilkes, of the American Navy. Texas is delineated with more minuteness than in any map we have seen—it exhibits the boundaries of the new state of Texas, distinguishing it from the territory.—*Ev. Post*.

*Wild Sports in Europe, Asia and Africa.* By LIEUT. COLONEL E. NAPIER. New York. E. Ferrett & Co.

IN this volume is entertainment enough for the most insatiable of fun lovers; frolics and encounters and hair-breadth escapes crowd upon each other in every page, and the reader must have great self-denial who can lay down the book until he has read it through. In England it has had a high popularity, and is now published as No. 1 of Ferrett & Co.'s "Cabinet Series of Entertaining Books."—*Com. Adv.*

*Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century.* By SEBA SMITH. J. K. Wellwan, 118 Nassau St.

A COLLECTION of such fugitive prose and verse as seemed to the editor worth bringing together. Among the contents are poems by Montgomery, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Hood, and others of less note. Among the prose tales are some by Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, and a long list of others. The editor has also contributed his share.—*Churchman*.

*The Robber.* By G. P. R. JAMES. New York. Harper & Brothers.

THIS is generally allowed to be the best of James' later tales. The volume is the thirteenth of Harpers' pocket library of select novels.—*Com. Adv.*

*The Siege of Vienna.* By CAROLINE PILCHER. New York. E. Ferrett & Co.

THIS forms No. 5 of the "Library of German Romance," and is spoken of as one of the best works of that school.—*Com. Adv.*

*The Evergreen, or Monthly Church Offering,* is the title of a magazine published at New Haven, and edited by Joseph Salkeld, the January and February numbers of which we have glanced over with satisfaction. It appears to have the high approbation of the dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church, contains much pleasant and profitable reading, and with the members of that denomination ought to be popular. A portrait of Bishop Kemp accompanies the January number. The publishers announce a portrait of a bishop in every alternate number.—*Com. Adv.*

DICKENS' new work, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, is published as No. 55 of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading." The admirers of Mr. Dickens' writings will be glad to see this, one of his best, in so legible and neat a form.—*Id.*